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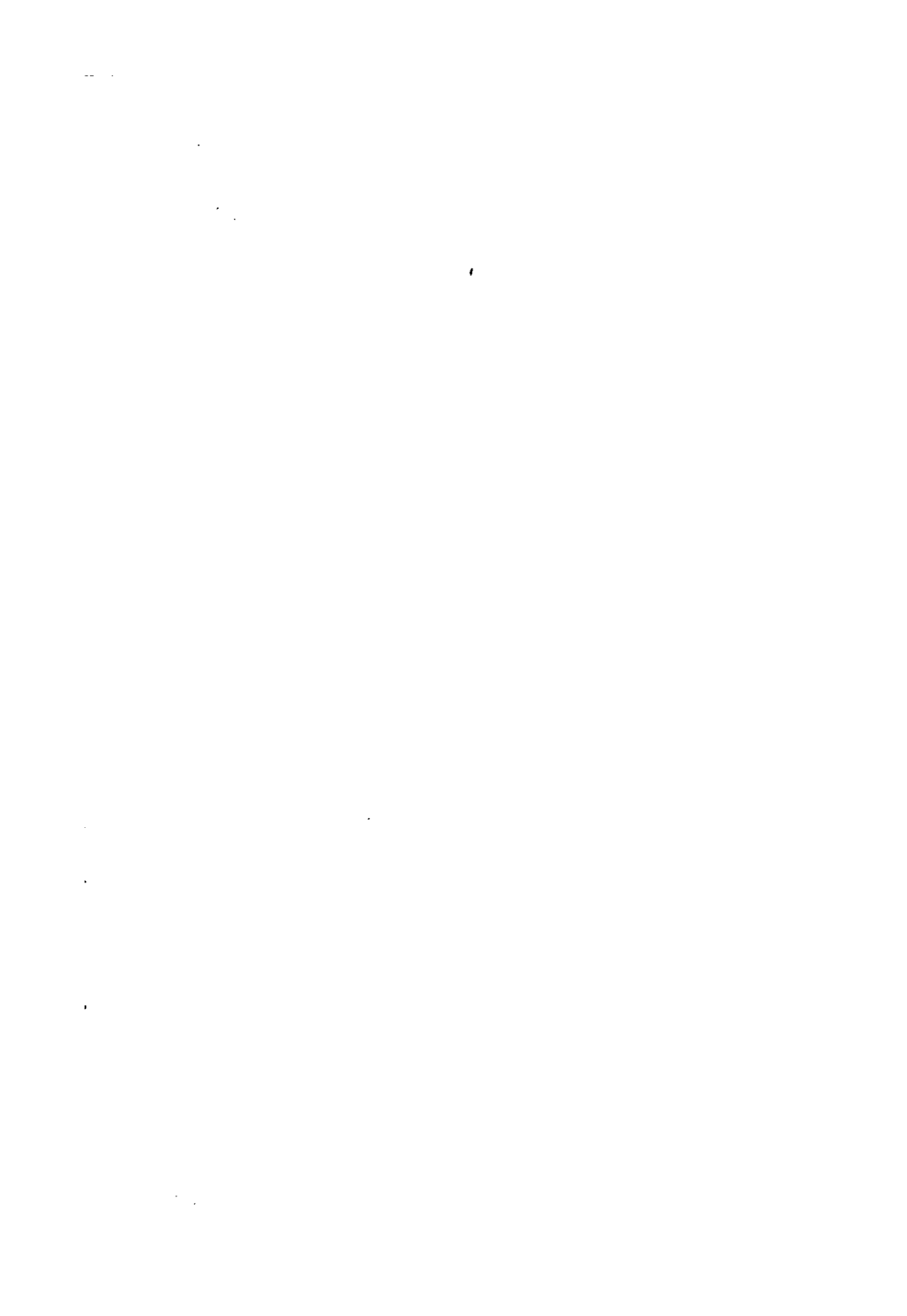
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"A goat, tempted by the beauty of the shrub which concealed us, sprung on to the wall to nibble the flowers."

Page 23.

WOLLEY KEH

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WOLLEY

THE
HOLIDAY KEEPSAKE;

OR,

BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

BY

PETER PARLEY,

Goettrich

AUTHOR OF 'HEROISM OF BOYHOOD,' 'CHIMNEY-CORNER STORIES,' ETC., ETC.

AND OTHER POPULAR AUTHORS

From grave to gay, from lively to serene,
With many a bit of childish fun between.



LONDON:
DARTON AND HODGE, 58, HOLBORN HILL.
1865.

250. m. 61.



DEDICATION,
BY WAY OF PREFACE

TO THE REV. JOSEPH HARRISON.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

YOUR affectionate kindness to Children is unbounded—else why do they run to meet you on the way, and bring you posies of wild flowers as you take your meditative walks among the groves and meadows? Why do their soft cheeks glow with pleasure when you speak to them and pat their heads and give them pretty books that tell them tales of Truth? Why do dewdrops come in their eyes when they miss you, and why do they think the hours long when you are away, and with anxious hearts, peeping from cottage doors, watch daily for your return? It is because they love you; and love begets love.

You look upon Children as I do; you deem them flowers born to blossom in the heavenly Eden, to

be cultured here on earth, and watered with the dewdrops of eternal love. And as the shepherd of the flock, you receive them as little lambkins, to be cosseted and folded and borne in the arms to the good Shepherd, through "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."

Accept, then, the offering of this little Volume: take it under your kindly keeping; embalm it in the sanctuary of your heart, and with it some of the thoughts, hopes, desires, and enjoyments of the "tender plants" that you love so well.

Ever most truly yours,

PETER PARLEY.

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THE HOLIDAY KEEPSAKE;

OR

BIRTH-DAY GIFT.



Holiday Enjoyment.

Come forth, come forth, ye children—it is your holiday;
Come forth in merry gambols to pleasure and to play :
We'll go forth together while the summer moon is new,
To strew with flowers our pretty bowers ere sunlight dries
the dew.

Come forth, ye little girls—the hedge-rows are all green,
And little birds are singing the opening leaves between ;
Let us go forth together, and dance, and skip, and run,
And with the wild bees mingle, that glisten in the sun.

Come forth, come forth, good playmates, and slumber not
away

Upon this golden morning, this joyful holiday ;
There are daisies in the meadows and cowslips on the lea,
And primroses on the bank, that you must pick with me.

Come forth, come forth, my playmates, the air is calm and cool,

And violets blue for down ye'll view reflected in the pool ;

And eglantine and roses, and jasmines altogether,

Are budding out and blooming, through the happy summer weather.

Come forth, come forth all joyfully, and gather myrtle boughs,

And we will learn from brake and fern to keep our school-made vows ;

We'll gaily dance on mead and hill among the pretty bowers,

And day by day in happy play pass through the sunny hours.



The Story of a Drop of Water.

I WAS born of a violent clap of thunder, which combined the two gases of which I am formed ; and, driven by a current of lower air, I ascended until I was reduced to a light vapour. I soon became conscious of my existence, and I was inexpressibly enchanted at seeing above me infinite space peopled with resplendent worlds, and below me the earth, that magnificent manifestation of the boundless love of the Creator. Proud of the place I thought I occupied in creation, I hoped, in my profound ignorance, to be able to approach those luminous spheres which, as I thought, were perhaps peopled with strange creatures, and observe under what different forms God had distributed life in the universe. I was at that time filled with a profound disdain for the planet I inhabited. Quite absorbed in my dreams, and enjoying to the full the existence which had just been accorded me, I placed no bounds to my ambitious desires : I roved at will through space, in order to become acquainted with the different densities of the air, perfectly forgetful of the duties which were imposed upon me like every other living thing.

Proud of wandering at liberty through the rarefied atmosphere—far from the grosser emanations of that earth with which I hoped in future to have nothing in common—I rose incessantly towards the sun, which attracted me invincibly. Knowing nothing of the law of gravitation which bound me to the earth, and hoping only to reach the glorious sun, I was heedless of all but the ideas that absorbed me. But I was suddenly and violently recalled to reality by striking against the peak of a high mountain. This unexpected contact instantaneously converted me into dazzling snow. Who can tell the sharp pang occasioned by this sudden change,—the most remarkable and important of my young life!

During the long winter which held me bound to the sides of the mountain, I often asked myself if I should some day be restored to my vaporous form; and I contemplated sadly the brilliant planets which I had the ambition to approach. I then began to understand that it was necessary to purchase by some trials and crosses the supreme felicity of eternally inhabiting the realms above, where the air is so pure and the liberty so great! What had I done,—I, a thing of yesterday,—to merit such great happiness?—what struggles had I sustained? what victories won?

The first breath of spring dissolved me, and I

flowed into one of those lakes which are to be found at the summit of mountains of moderate elevation. What efforts did my sisters and myself use to break the boundaries of this vast reservoir! and how long a time it took us before we succeeded in effecting our escape! I passed long years there, rising in my turn to the rock which served as a barrier when the motion of the water carried me towards it. My sisters had laboured there many centuries before me, gaining but very little ground in their attempts; but we were so numerous, and our efforts were so combined and so persevering, that one day, finding itself too feeble to resist the pressure of the water, the rock opened and let us out.

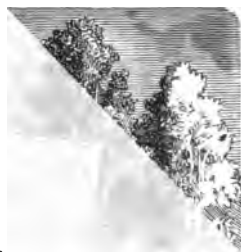
We precipitated ourselves furiously from the lake, like mad captives who had hardly dared to hope ever to clear the walls of their prison. I will not pause to dilate upon the ravages we caused in those first moments of liberty. We soon spread ourselves in all directions, carrying everything with us in our rapid course. The first transports over, and all that intoxicating sensation which my so ardently-desired liberty caused me, I was gliding peacefully over the smooth turf of a primeval forest, when I suddenly disappeared in a deep fissure at the foot of an enormous oak. I flowed along the ground to a certain depth,

dissolving the different salts which I encountered on my passage, until I was absorbed by the fibrous roots of the tree. I insinuated myself in the cavities, and, lighter than the liquid that filled them, I drove it partly before me, whilst I was in turn urged forward by the drops of water that followed me, causing me to ascend rapidly into the roots; but this upward force, which attracted me towards the foliage, was not sufficient to satisfy my ardent desire to regain my liberty. Even this attraction was notably diminished when I reached the division of one of the largest branches. I remained almost stationary in the wood, the grain of which was very close at this spot; but a strong wind having arisen, the oak was so furiously shaken, that I was driven upwards towards the young branches, and soon reached, in the form of sap, a young leaf not yet opened. The tempest broke the branch, and scattered the leaves. The one which contained me was carried towards the hollow of a rock which arrested its fugitive course, and the noon-day sun, by drying it up, released me from bondage. I thanked heaven fervently; and, grown curious to observe more closely the whole of that creation of which I had formerly thought so little, I profited by the heat to remain invisible at a short distance from the earth.

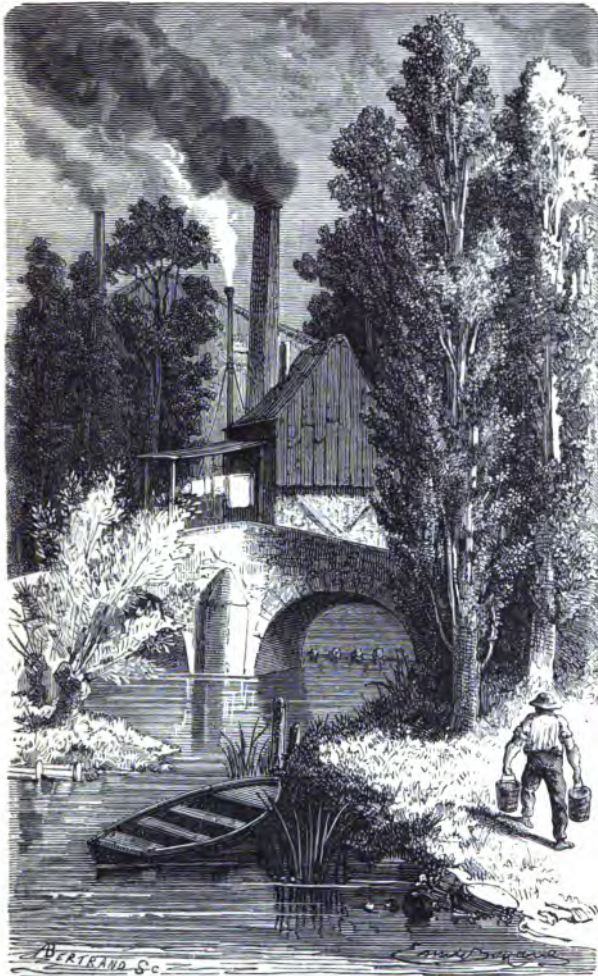
The temperature having become suddenly lower, I was precipitated in a fog into the waters of a stream. I floated carelessly along between its grassy banks, watching the light fleecy clouds which the setting sun was gilding with his brightest rays, and hoping to rejoin them, when I felt myself drawn in a little wooden conduit which carried us, myself and many others, through fields and meadows, towards a farm built on a little patch of ground. The upper end of this little wooden conduit, or pipe, penetrated into small apartments, and suffered the water brought from so great a distance to escape into a still, covered with a large stone intersected by several little gutters. I observed that the fire of the caldron was fed in succession by a certain number of women, each being supplied with her own bundle of wood. I learnt from their conversation that they were burning in common what they had gathered, and that they would receive payment proportioned to the amount of their labour; after, be it understood, the proprietor of the distillery had deducted his share.

Urged onwards by fresh drops which continued to arrive unceasingly, we fell into a horrible sewer which received the dregs of the still. We stagnated there for a whole month in the midst of the most nauseous emanations. I heartily blessed

the abundant rain which, by filling it, caused it to overflow, and thus permitted me to quit this terrible, infected place. I flowed towards a pretty river, very broad but rather shallow. Mingled with its tranquil waters, I hoped to console myself for the sufferings I had just undergone, and to enjoy, at length, some leisure for contemplation. But at the moment when I least expected it, I was sucked up by a large wheel which supplied the reservoir of a paper-mill. I fell into one of the troughs where the rag is beaten to a pulp, and found myself thus subjected to the incessant and stunning percussion of an infinite number of pestles which, by their violent action, reduced the foul rags submitted to them to a white, fine, and liquid paste. This part of the operation performed, the paste of which I composed a portion was mixed with powdered resin, and placed in a little sieve always in motion, and at the top of the machine which manufactured the paper. The paste then flowed gently and equally over metallic plates which conducted it by a slow and regular movement to an enormous, horizontal cylinder which again, in its turn, transmitted it, well strained, through the thick calico of which the interior was composed, and already of the consistence of paper, to a series of other cylinders heated by steam, which dried it completely, and



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“When I least expected it, I was sucked up by a large wheel which supplied the reservoir of a paper-mill.”

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delivered it thus to the solitary workman who superintended the machine, quite fit for use.

I was vaporized by the drying operation, and flung to the ceiling, whence I redescended by evaporation, in the form of rain-drops, on to the flooring of the workshop. This floor was so contrived as to conduct the water with which it was incessantly inundated towards a little canal, which restored it to the river whence it originally proceeded.

I hastened to transport myself to the middle of the current, so as to avoid the danger of being sucked in again, and I was not long before I found myself in the midst of a beautiful river. I felt inexpressible joy on reflecting that I should, ere long, become a portion of the vast ocean. Seeing before me no obstacle that I need distrust, I suffered myself to be gently borne along the glassy surface, and gave myself up to the quiet contemplation of nature. I gradually but imperceptibly deviated from my course, and was gliding quite close to a fine wharf, planted with poplars, when a flood-gate suddenly opening, I found myself in a large canal, which was at that moment almost dry. I remained there a long while, but without any feeling of weariness, for I found myself in a powder-manufactory. I observed with the greatest attention the manipulation of that strange sub-

stance, which carries death to a distance with the rapidity of lightning. I admired the courage of those men, regardless of the danger, always imminent, of an explosion, and who for the sake of wages expose their lives to furnish other men with the terrible agent of warfare. All was calm and smiling in this abode, over which death hovered incessantly. Beautiful cattle were grazing peacefully around the magazines; and especially about the drying-rooms, built one upon the other over the canal where I was lying, and separated from the factories overlooking the wharf by a charming pathway.

The greatest activity reigned everywhere in this place. Powder was being carried into three different mills, according to its various stages of completion. Little hillocks, planted with different kinds of trees, separated each of these constructions, in order that the explosion of one might not involve that of the others. On beholding the fantastic arrangement of the various little factories, separated from each other, and yet united together by avenues of poplars, who could have thought that they were destined to the manufacture of the most terrible agent of destruction—gunpowder?

One day I was drawn up, with a multitude of my sisters, to be poured into the tube of an hydraulic press, which reduced the power into flat and con-

sistent leaves, which were afterwards carried to a machine that ground them fit to pass through sieves of different sizes. I confess that I felt a certain degree of pride in my participation in the power of that wonderful agent in the arts and science, water. The operation over, we were thrown back into the canal, where I waited till it should be full again, to return to the river.

One morning, just as work was commencing, I heard an explosion a hundred times more violent than the clap of thunder that gave me birth. It was a mill which had just blown up with its little powder-magazine. At that very moment an old man who was going out from it, loaded with a sack of powder, was buried beneath a deluge of stones. The girl who was tending the cows, seated on the edge of the canal, with her feet hanging over the water, singing and knitting, had her cap carried away by a huge stone, and experienced no other hurt than being knocked down by the shock. The poor stupefied beasts made no attempt at flight, but appeared as if paralysed, and waited to see what was going to happen.

When the tumult of the explosion subsided, a crowd of distracted women and children came in search of the workmen, who had all been flung to the ground by this terrible explosion. Many were senseless; some wounded; and two never spoke

again! Three of them had even been thrown to the other side of the river, which was very broad at this particular spot, without receiving the least injury. But there was one who did not answer to his name. He was the oldest of the workmen, and had been witness to six explosions without ever having been wounded. He was sought for everywhere, and his companions, in despair, were just beginning to think he must have been drowned, when he was discovered lying under a heap of stones. Every one was astonished to find him without any wound! Chance had arranged the stones in a sort of archway above him, and so the poor old man had been preserved from all injury. The floodgates of the canal were opened, to admit of its being emptied completely in order to clear it more easily of the ruins that encumbered it, and I quitted those parts, very joyful at being able to renew my wanderings.

After having been detained a few moments in a sluice during the passage of a large vessel, I arrived at a fortified seaport town. As I was being carried along the arsenal, reflecting painfully on the necessity of keeping captive there the miserable convicts, whom I beheld going and coming, I perceived in a corner, in the middle of a pile of rubbish, and almost on a level with the water, two brilliant eyes! Towards evening a

convict came to bring some miserable provisions to his wretched comrade, crouched in this hiding-place to elude the search of the police. I had arrested my course among some weeds and rubbish, which served to conceal the unhappy fellow in this polluted spot, and I learnt that he had been hiding there for four days, until the alarm and search should have subsided. During the whole of that time the same companion in misfortune had not failed to bring him a little food. The fugitive at length escaped, and I experienced a certain degree of relief in knowing him to be safe. For, said I to myself, the man who can inspire such devotion as that to which this one owes his life, cannot be wholly bad; God will awaken his conscience, and have mercy on his repentant soul. Oh, holy liberty! of what price art thou to him who has lost thee, since thou art purchased by such sufferings and at such fearful risk!

While I was philosophizing thus, I found myself driven vigorously landward, and was thus prevented from reaching the object of my desires—the ocean!

After wandering, without any fixed purpose, examining each and all of the things which were so new to me, I found myself, one beautiful clear night, deposited, like a liquid pearl, on the extremity of a blade of grass, which mirrored itself in

a charming fountain, into which I shortly after fell. I remained for several days in this delicious retreat, and very quickly forgot the miseries of that rude life to which I had been so lately condemned. One morning a young girl, all in tears, came to fill a pitcher with the limpid water; and I was of the number of the thousand drops she drew. She carried us to the chamber of a sick woman, who embraced her lovingly. It was her mother!

The doctor poured into a glass some medicine, which he diluted with the water just brought from the fountain, and I was precipitated into the draught. I repented bitterly of the curiosity which had led me to rise to the surface. I had an instinctive horror of the fate reserved for me. Whilst the young girl, by shaking up the draught, only prolonged my anguish, the physician said to her: "If the medicine produces the proper effect, the patient will perspire profusely, and then all danger will disappear."

The good daughter gently raised the head of her beloved mother, and, with a trembling hand, presented her the draught. All hope had abandoned the poor woman. Before drinking she cast a tender look upon her daughter, while a burning tear rolled down her cheek,—eloquent and dumb testimony to the anguish she felt at the thought

of leaving her alone in the world! She however took the glass, but with a gesture of incredulity.

I was no sooner swallowed than I turned faint and giddy with the unpleasantness of my novel situation. As I was seeking the means of freeing myself from it as speedily as possible, I encountered the gaping orifice of an absorbing vessel, which conducted me to the lungs. There, mingling with the vein-blood, I soon found myself transformed, under the beneficent influence of the air, into arterial blood; and, precipitated with it into one of the cavities of the heart, I was immediately after expelled thence to commence the circulatory passage favoured by the contractile movement of the arteries. I was thus driven to the very extremities of that body which I inhabited, very much against my will. I returned slowly through the net-work, which brought me back with the blood towards the heart, which again, in its turn, cast us afresh into the lungs.

Where, alas! was my vapoury form, and the sun, and space, without which I had always believed it impossible to exist? Should I be condemned to remain long in this dark prison? and was the sole object of my existence henceforth to be the supporting that of a human being? Must I renounce the delightful hopes in which I had hitherto cradled myself?

I experienced a moment of deep despondency; but I soon roused myself, and resolved to struggle valiantly against the severity of fate.

After three circulations accomplished, I at length exuded in the form of a bead of perspiration on the brow of the invalid. The young girl who was anxiously watching the effect of the medicine fervently pressed on me her burning lips, whose heat instantly vapourized me, while she exclaimed, in a transport:—"Saved! saved! Thanks, O heavenly Father!" She fell on her knees beside the bed, until, the invalid having asked for air, she rose to open the window;—and I escaped.

I travelled great distances, being very careful this time to avoid the snowy tops of mountains, and commencing anew that delightful ascent towards the sun, in the thought of which I had found so many charms. But one starry night, the air having become too cold to hold me longer in suspension, I was brought back towards the earth, and found myself in the concave petal of a magnificent flower which grew on an old wall, and the subtle odour of which perfumed the spot where it flourished. At the bottom of the corolla there was a whole family of microscopic insects living on the pollen which was incessantly supplied to them by the thousand crimsoned stamens

which spread over their asylum, and covered them with their protecting shade. These little animals sipped the nectar of the flower. Their universe was limited to this delicious retreat, where they accomplished their obscure destiny exempt from all care. Born with the flower, with it they were destined to perish.

For a moment I was disposed to envy their fate; I, a poor wandering thing, subject to the slightest variations of the atmosphere, endowed with undying life, and condemned to wander over the earth and ascend incessantly into infinite space, to be as incessantly precipitated thence, until, regaining my original expansion, I lost myself in the upper air!—at least I hoped so, ignorant as I was of the laws which regulate our planet; but I soon stifled these regrets, which rendered still more painful the vicissitudes to which I was exposed. And, besides, agitation and suffering, have they not a meaning?—have they not a moral? Enjoying, then, for a moment the calm which was granted me, I rolled myself luxuriously over on my bed of white velvet. A goat, tempted by the beauty of the shrub which concealed us, sprung on to the wall to nibble the flowers, thereby giving such a rude shock to the plant as caused me to fall into a little reservoir of water between the leaves of a tall thistle. I

gave a sigh of regret to my humble neighbours, who had passed from their profound repose to a state still more profound.

Were they to be pitied—they who, unconscious of their approaching end, had been devoured all together, swathed in their marvellous winding-sheet?

The active little goat had in his jump scattered a portion of the water contained among the leaves of the thistle. I was by this means projected into the middle of the road, and mingled with its mud and mire. Where was now that spotless purity of which I was so proud, and by virtue of which I considered myself a daughter of the skies! I, formerly so disdainful to those of my sisters whom fate condemned to the coarsest and most revolting uses, I was fallen so low that it was now my turn to be disdained! I made some grave and solitary reflections on the cruelty of pride, and I felt how unjust I had been in refusing my pity to all those degraded outcasts who might one day be raised from their present abasement.

The sky grew overcast, the rain fell heavily, and the roads became muddier than ever. I was dragged under foot, then left on a door-scraper, and cast away with a heap of filth. With what feverish impatience I awaited the beneficent ray of the sun which should raise me from the profound degradation into which I was fallen!

This frightful state lasted more than a month, during which I assisted in a farm-yard in a thousand vulgar details, which, while wounding my innate delicacy, occasionally interested me in spite of myself.

The sun shone forth at last, and darted a ray so burning that it freed me from my shameful bonds. I rose gay and radiant to such a height that I found myself shortly in that region of storms where the elements rage so furiously. There I was contended for by two contrary electricities, and after having been successively attracted and repulsed more than a hundred times by each of them, I found myself in the centre of a big hail-stone, which a whirlwind carried away with a great number of others. The black cloud which we formed spread terror in all the countries over which it passed. Those who saw it flying along blessed heaven for sparing them. At length, no longer sustained by the current of air, we precipitated ourselves over lands covered with ripe corn, and ravaged them so completely that no further hope of a harvest remained.

I was lying quietly in a ditch near the field of a poor farmer, who came, all in tears, accompanied by his wife and family, to look upon the ruin of their prospects. His despair touched me; for, although I had had my part in the

mischievous done, I could not but confess that their complaints were just. I consoled myself, however, by the reflection that I was but a feeble instrument in the hands of the great Lord and Creator of all things.

After this first rebellious movement, the father of the family raised his eyes to heaven, collected his thoughts for a moment, and told his children to murmur no more, and to submit humbly to the decrees of Providence: that the hailstorm was, doubtless, something very necessary, and well-ordained, since it happened every year, and that that which had just destroyed their harvest might have fallen on the wheat of people still less able to support the loss. Then they all prayed together in presence of their devastated field, and returned in a calmer frame of mind, already devising the means of alleviating this great loss by renewed labour.

One of the little children picked up the great hailstone of which I formed a part. He showed it to the neighbours, who came to sympathize with the misfortune of the farmer; every one wished to see and touch the hailstone, which, when their curiosity had been gratified, was finally left lying on the outside of a window-sill. The heat increasing towards the close of the day, the hailstone was at last melted, and I resumed my flight

towards a thick cloud tinged with the last rays of the setting sun.

I and my companions traversed all the ancient continent, and were hovering over the Pacific Ocean, when, at the end of a furious storm, I was precipitated in the form of rain on to the deck of a large vessel precisely into the midst of a vase which had been placed to catch the rain-water. The storm having ceased, a young man came to fetch the full vase and carry it into his cabin. This water was destined to sustain the freshness of a rare plant which he was bringing from a far-off clime as a present for his mother.

Nothing could be conceived more touching than this brave youth's anxious solicitude for that rare plant, which too fervid a ray of the sun would have withered, which could not have resisted the cold of the nights, and which the want of moisture would have destroyed! I lay ensconced at the bottom of the vase, for experience had rendered me prudent, and I made no attempt to quit it: the vase was more than once filled, either with the rain-water, or with a portion of the young man's allowance; and when it became at length my turn to contribute to the support of the frail object of so much care, we were once more in sight of land.

I passed into the organization of the plant, and

was filling some cells of the leaves when this good son enjoyed the delight of offering to his mother this precious flower brought from so great a distance, and so carefully preserved. The worthy woman embraced her son with all the warmth of maternal affection. She was more flattered by this token of his love than by all the valuable presents with which he had half filled her house.

The leaf exuded me, and I flew to rejoin my sisters, who, visible or not, float unceasingly in the air. But I encountered in my way the polished surface of a mirror, on which I was forced to deposit myself in obedience to the inimitable laws which govern nature; for I have no influence over my destiny. A young girl suddenly appeared. Her eyes were red; doubtless some secret sorrow already weighed upon her heart! Wishing to discover if her face bore traces of the tears which she had shed, she wiped the glass which I had tarnished, and then threw her handkerchief down among the linen intended for the laundress. I mingled in the waters of the stream in which the linen was steeped, and glided once more between the reeds and flowers.

As I lay idly floating with the current, I found myself all at once under the leaf of a rose which a capricious child had torn from its stalk, and then thrown into the water. He stopped for an instant

under a clump of alders whose glistening leaves refreshed by their shade the stream, the waters of which incessantly bathed their roots. An insect, wishing to shelter itself from the voracity of a nightingale that pursued it from branch to branch, let itself fall plump into the water, a little in front of us. The poor little animal was struggling desperately against an imminent death, and its courage inspired me with the desire to save it. I pushed the rose-leaf, under which I was floating, quite close to it. The poor insect clung to it with that wondrous instinct which heaven has implanted in every living creature for its preservation! He carried it thus close to a tuft of grass, and there I abandoned the insect and the rose.

Farther on, I encountered another current which bore me swiftly along till I reached a shelving bank. I reposed there peacefully a few days, and was just preparing to rejoin the stream, when a pretty little fair girl, with a sweet countenance, her golden hair crowned with corn-flowers, drew me up, to pour me out again immediately afterwards into a glass globe filled with pretty gold-fish.

The child tended her pets with the utmost care : every morning, on awakening, they were her first thought, and she never ate a cake which they did not share.

I consoled myself for my captivity by watching the joyful countenance of our kind little jailer during the hours she passed in contemplating her dear prisoners. She loved them, and used to smile as she watched them frisking about, and I,—I sympathized in this affection.

One day as she was holding the glass globe in her hands to place it in the balcony of her chamber, a beautiful greyhound, the companion of her sports, ran heedlessly before her, and caused her to let it fall. I only heard her first cry; for I had no sooner touched the burning balustrade than I recovered my freedom and my hopes, until the arrival of winter, which surprised me in the regions of mid-air, and precipitated me in snow upon a glacier of the Alps!

Aided by my sisters, I made, in melting, one of those deep fissures so fraught with danger to the adventurous. The earth then absorbed me, and I filtered as far as the lower sheets of water which feed the sources of rivers. How long I remained in this fearful obscurity, and under this overwhelming pressure, I know not, since night and day no longer existed for me. It was indeed a mournful phase of my existence. What had become of my beautiful sun,—was I ever to see it again? Was I deprived for ever of the happiness of drawing nearer and nearer to it, until it had delivered

me from that palpable form which was imposed upon me? Was I doomed to remain for ever in the bowels of the earth?

I had fallen into a state of profound melancholy, and all hope had abandoned me, when I felt myself suddenly absorbed, and rapidly ascending a very long and narrow tube. At length, then, I was restored to light! I emerged from an artesian well, dug in the lowest depths to enrich a land formerly barren, and now fertilized by this beneficent water. I flowed for a long time over the ground until I reached a series of gutters which conducted me to a tolerably fine river, whence I shortly entered the reservoir of a large forge.

There I saw a crowd of men, blackened by coal-dust, working and toiling night and day to produce iron, a metal as useful in these days of civilization as the bread which serves for the food of man. Some were stirring the mineral about while washing it; others were casting it into the furnace; others again were superintending the fusion of it; and when it was white hot, they poured out all liquid and bubbling streams of fire! When the cast-iron had become solid, it was submitted again to the action of the fire, then to the stroke of enormous hammers, or else to the pressure of great plating-mills, which stretched it out in sheets and rods of different sizes. At meal-times the wives

and children of the workmen came to eat with them the bread they gained by the hardest labour, but cheerfully inspired by affection.

As I reflected on these things, I said to myself, men must be mad to toil so hard merely to arrive at the same result as the animals; to support this perishable body which will soon be dissolved and restored to the elements from which it was taken! But a more attentive examination led me to acknowledge that the employment of his physical and intellectual powers is a necessity to this privileged creature whom God has endowed with a soul and conscience. I comprehend that in moral order just as in physical order, stagnation was a cause of great ruin and decay, and that the effect of idleness on the mind, vitiates it and produces a host of moral maladies, more fatal than even those which attach themselves to the body.

In my turn I passed underneath the wheel which sets the great hammer in motion. Whilst I was being tossed hither and thither in the bubbling foam occasioned by the waterfall, a little child fell into the river. The mother threw herself inconsiderately after it to save it; but they would both have been infallibly drowned had not a boatman who had witnessed the accident drawn them out of the water half dead. I found myself in the tangled locks of the child, whom his mother

was endeavouring to reanimate with her passionate kisses. She shook his pretty brown curls, and I regained my liberty to which I was at first rather indifferent, so greatly had I been affected by the danger which this poor woman and her child had so narrowly escaped.

I was being driven along by the breeze without giving myself much anxiety as to the direction in which it was carrying me, when I melted during the night in the thick mist that enveloped a large town. In the morning I found myself suspended to the eye-lashes of a little crossing-sweeper, by the side of a tear wrung from him by the bitterness of poverty. Having no shelter, he had passed the night on the pavement, enduring the griping pangs of hunger. In his utter wretchedness, the poor child had not even thought of wiping his eyes. "Mother! where are you, mother?" he was murmuring to himself. A passer-by, struck with his pleasing and gentle countenance, took him home with him. Joy dried the tears of the poor little outcast, and at the same moment a light breeze carried me away upon its wings.

I was now ascending anew towards the sun, greatly prostrated and fatigued by the labours I had been obliged to undergo upon earth. Higher and higher I flew for a long time. At last, on

one of those days of melancholy foreboding when life seems a blank, and we take no account of external circumstances, I descended rapidly and unconsciously, until at length I found myself in one of those thick fogs which darken the gloomy days of winter.

Night attached me in the form of hoar-frost to the wings of a little bird roosting on the branch of a tree. The poor little thing, on awakening, vainly strove to free itself from this shackle. A child, witness of its distress, seized it, and after having shaken off the rhyme, endeavoured to warm it in his bosom. Poor little innocent! what fate is reserved for thee! The tenderness of children for these little feathered creatures, the possession of which they so eagerly covet, is often but cruel kindness.

I had fallen upon a rose-tree, already covered with the sparkling prisms of which I had just increased the number. The noon-day sun melted us, at the same time that a freezing wind crystallized us anew; but this time in the form of ice. The face of the country then assumed a magic aspect; the trees were crystal, on a ground-work of diamonds, which reflected back the bright dazzling rays of the sun. In my next transformation, I found myself forming part of a long icicle, hanging from a projection on the walls of a workhouse.



"In the midst of the snow of the streets I glistened like a diamond, and was once more picked up by the little sweep."
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along its banks. There I encountered a thousand obstacles which arrested my course, and allowed me leisure to contemplate the flower that bends over the water—the insect that pursues the tiny shell-fish that buries itself in the earth at the approach of danger—and the myriads of small fry that seek shelter from the voracity of their enemies under the shade of aquatic plants.

I proceeded on my way, therefore, as leisurely and slowly as possible, and spring had re-created all nature before I had yet arrived at the great city. One morning, having ventured far from the protecting shore, I was drawn into the service of the engine of a steamboat. Taken into the boiler, I was, during many days, vaporized and condensed by turns; and it was not without pride that I felt my power of expansion contribute to the accelerated motion of the vessel. However, I soon grew weary of the seclusion, and succeeded in effecting my escape in a puff of steam. But, alas, I was, by a heavy rain, precipitated anew into the Thames—into London itself. Its boasted quays, docks, and wharves, I must confess, seemed to me very inferior to the verdant shores by which I had so frequently flowed. Mingling with the hideous outpourings of the vast city, which flowed into the river by its thousand sewers, I hoped, on beholding myself almost out of London, to escape

The weather was bitterly cold, and the snow lay thick on the ground. All nature seemed asleep, enveloped in a mantle of purest white. The passengers who passed and repassed me hurried on their way, each one endeavouring to escape from the cold frosty air to the light and warmth of home and fireside. Only the poor and wretched lingered in the streets. For a long time I remained prisoned in the icicle, till a poor little sweep broke me from the wall, as he looked tearfully on the cheerless streets, and dropped me from his numbed and soot-stained fingers.

I was now, less than ever, an individual drop of water. In the midst of the snow of the streets I glistened like a diamond, and was once more picked up by the little sweep. He put the icicle to his mouth, but the intense cold caused him to drop it again, partly melted, on the ground. The last look I had at him quite dissolved me in pity, and I lay, a drop of thawed water, in the wilderness of snow that seemed to clothe the world in a garment of purity.

This beautiful spectacle lasted but a short time; a thaw came and covered the earth with water, which overflowed on all sides. From rivulets into rivers I reached the Thames, tolerably near to London. Instead of flowing with the full tide of the river, I preferred wandering capriciously

founded with the refuse of the numerous households that peopled the place, and I impatiently awaited the moment when the sun should again come to purify me from this fresh pollution. I was not left to suffer long. Snatched once more from the terrestrial existence I always disliked, I continued for a long time floating in the air. But I was resolved into rain before it was possible for me to get clear of London. Restored to the river, I was drawn thence into a large cistern which supplied water to an opulent family. I was carried into the nursery of the house, and poured into a bath, into which a young woman was endeavouring to coax a charming little child. The young rebel struggled and resisted with all his might, but at length suffered himself to be plunged in, enticed by the pleasure of guiding some toy swans, and boats about the surface with a magnet; his ringing, merry laugh being echoed by his delighted mother.

The water from the bath was thrown away, and I returned to the river, still subjected to a thousand different changes; passing one day through a pipe to the abodes of the wealthy, to be cast out the next into the mire.

At last, one day a maker of mathematical instruments imprisoned me in a glass tube, called a water-level.

Here then I was confined, as I thought, for ever; but just as I was about giving way to despair, a clumsy person dropped the instrument as he was examining it. The glass broke just on the threshold of the shop, and I flowed swiftly among the stones to the stream which conducted me again to the river, from whence I was so frequently drawn.

I happened soon after to find myself at the bottom of the inkstand of a writer who treated of moral sciences, and was seeking to resolve the great problem of happiness. After having meditated a long time, this writer suddenly roused himself; his eye sparkled, he hastily dipped his pen in the inkstand, and I had the honour of contributing to the writing of the following words:—

“When men, less occupied with themselves, shall be filled with love and charity for their brethren, they will know happiness, whatever may be the condition of their personal existence.”

The ink dried up, and I again attempted, but in vain, to quit this cloudy atmosphere.

Another time, after having undergone the operation of filtering—very necessary, in point of fact, for all water drawn from the river—I was poured into the bottom of a curiously-engraved crystal cup, which was placed on a table, before

which a young girl was seated. She was engaged in taking the portrait of her grandfather, who slept in an easy-chair at the other end of the apartment. I was employed in mixing the colour which was to give the last touch to that venerable countenance; but immediately that I was dissolved in air, I hastened to quit the apartment.

At length, having been suffered to remain a tolerably long time without being evaporated, I was enabled to mingle with the stream, and quit this city whose activity wearied me. I thought with transport that I should shortly reach the ocean I had for so long desired to be mingled with. But, at some miles from London, I passed quite close to an immense mass of timber-work and piles, which occupied a considerable space on one of the shores of a stream; I once more paid the penalty of my curiosity, for I was taken captive by that huge machine which supplies with water the reservoirs at the Crystal Palace. After being conducted by gloomy leaden pipes as far as the terrace-fountains, and catching a glimpse of the sky for a moment, I resumed my course in the darkness towards the grand basin of the Palace gardens. The waters played; and chance directed me to the great fountains.

I experienced a feeling of pleasure, mingled with giddiness, on finding myself forced impetu-

ously upward. I fell, with millions of other drops, in showers of spray, producing in our fall all the colours of the rainbow. I was wafted by the breeze on to the leaf of a chestnut-tree, where I passed the night. The next day, restored to the one, among my transformations which brought me nearest to my elementary nature, I joined myself to a light cloud that was floating over the magnificent park and gardens.

Attracted by the sun, the cloud, of which I formed part, rose to a considerable height, and was soon dissolved. Each of the drops of water of which it was composed then immediately regained its perfect liberty.

I felt myself light and happy, so high up in the heavens, where the sounds of earth could not reach me, and I resumed my wanderings. A current of cold air reduced my volume, which was immense. I became visible again, and I formed the nucleus of a cloud, my sisters combining, one by one, two by two, and so on, with the rest, until the cloud had acquired a certain density. We were driven by a very strong wind; and, as we were hovering over the sea, we met another cloud charged with electricity opposed to that which contained us. From this cause proceed those electric shocks which produce lightning and thunder, and those furious storms which are the terror of mariners.

We saw some hapless ships rocked to and fro upon the mighty deep, others dismasted, and the crews that manned them braving death a hundred times an hour to watch over the safety of a few planks committed to their care, rather than over their own. All this terrific uproar ended in a deluge of rain; and I fell at length into the ocean.

I hoped to have at length reached the term of my trials and my wanderings. I thought I was on the point of enjoying that repose of which I stood so greatly in need. What a difference between my present feelings and those bright dreams of my youth when, taking no thought of the events occurring beyond my humble sphere of action, I had no conception that I should ever have to be subject to their influence, or that anything could tear me from the worship of the ideal! At the present moment, weary of life, wounded in a thousand ways, I asked but repose and forgetfulness.

For many long years I lay cradled by the waves, without the least thought of the future, sometimes descending into the very abyss to contemplate its depth.

It so happened that one day as I was contemplating the sky, that object of my eternal admiration, and reflecting on the different circumstances

of my life—recollections which doubled the value of my present happiness—a swift vessel drew me along in its wake. I followed it for some time, and I remarked on the deck a man of a noble and manly aspect, who, as he stood leaning over the ship's side, kept his regard constantly fixed upon one invariable point of the horizon. A tear fell close beside me, a very bitter tear, wrung from him by the most poignant regrets, those of family and country! We sailed for some time in company, until a waterspout overwhelmed the unfortunate vessel, which finally sank beneath the waves.

We now encountered the tropical currents which drove us—the tear and I—as far as the shores of India. From thence we glided between the islands of the immense Archipelago of the Pacific Ocean: we then doubled Cape Horn, and proceeded towards the Equator. There a submarine current carried us as far as the North Pole. We arrived there in the middle of summer, and were greatly surprised to find, in those desolate countries where vegetation is scarcely to be seen, save for three months in the year, men come from a great distance in order to wrest from nature the secret of that magnetic attraction which had guided them to those wild regions.

It was not long before we were congealed by

contact with a long and slender icicle, of which we immediately became part. An Esquimaux, who was building his snow hut, took this icicle to close the aperture through which the light entered. He hung this strange shelter from cold with a double row of furs, and thus endeavoured to render as comfortable as possible the poor dwelling which he was to inhabit during this long polar night.

A witness to the almost mechanical life of the family inhabiting this hut, I was struck with profound pity for this race, who, endowed by the Creator with the same faculties which he grants to the rest of mankind, is nevertheless condemned, by the conditions of his physical existence, to a species of complete mental annihilation. Must the souls of these solitary creatures return to their Maker without ever being conscious of their Saviour and their immortality?

But the close observation of little incidents that occurred in the hut singularly modified my first judgment. If the mind was dormant among those poor creatures who seemed in the lowest scale of humanity, holy family love animated them, and seemed to render them happy. Necessary to each other, mutual services kept alive their affectionate feelings; for in those countries, less than any other, man could not live alone.

The Esquimaux have even a very strong attachment to the dogs, which they harness to their hunting-sleighs. Mothers watch over their young children with the tenderest solicitude, using the most ingenious methods to preserve them from the cold. But for this hourly and almost momentary care, the poor little creatures could not endure the long and severe winters of these rigorous climates. Constantly squatting beside their mothers on the bench, covered with double furs, which also hang round the interior of their habitation, they suffer little from the cold; and if any occupation calls the mother of the household away for a moment, her place is immediately supplied by some other member of the family, to prevent the loss of heat which would prove fatal to the child.

In the season of long days, when the white shroud which enwraps these desolate regions begins to thaw, and the grass to peep forth, the family abandoned the hut, after having carried away everything portable that it contained, and emigrated towards a country more rich in pasturage. The August sun melted alike the snow of the hut and the icicle of the window, so we flowed towards the sea, which was close by. I approached as near as possible to the pole, where the absorbing action of the sun is weakened; and

I am now united to the eternal hills of ice and snow. My time of trial is over. In the contemplation of the goodness, the greatness, and the majesty of the great Architect of the Universe, I await the hour when the glorious sun shall cease to animate the world with his vivifying breath, and to scatter the elements of which it is composed.



A Spring Morning.

A SPRING morning is full of beauty. There is not only much to see, but much to learn in all its sights and sounds. How delightful is it to get up with the sun when he rises about six o'clock; and, first of all, to watch his rising!

And all is beautiful as we proceed on our early spring morning walk. The spring is advancing. The winds have had their frolic and fun among the old woods. The gentle airs succeed them, full of love and blossom. The night, too—the last night we spent with the moon, then in her growing beauty, looking at the stars like a young shepherdess at her flock. Then the young green trees—this is the true issuing of the spring. The trees and bushes are putting on their light, delicate green; the lilac is just bursting with its quaker-like colouring; the meadows are chequered with the bright young grass running into constellations of silver daisies and golden buttercups; the orchards, too, they begin to look and to smell sweetly, and showers of tinsel blossoms hang clustering about on every side. Come to the little

woody nooks and hollows with Old Peter Parley. Come to the dells and dingles under the shade of melancholy boughs, as some call them, but as I call them, merry and cheerful branches. Come where the primroses in clusters peep out among the roots of the sycamore and maple, and the violets lurk among the dead leaves and deathless plants of last year, the ground-ivy, and the tarnuff, and the fox-glove stole; among which the wild hyacinths shake their bells, and ring out a little fairy chime, and over which lady birches like drooping nymphs let fall their thickening hair. Come among lilies of the valley, delicate and gentle children of the forest. Come among lovely columbines, ladies' smocks, and ladies' slippers, and ladybirds just beginning to show themselves. You think we shall have a shower, do you? and are afraid of going out. Why a little dash of rain will do you no more hurt than the flowers. These April rains make beautiful rainbows; and we shall see them from the hill-tops and the valley bottoms, and can get into a niche among the hollows of the cliffs and see the bow of hope. And the bow of hope will say to us that the rains are bringing forth the full luxury of the trees and hedges; and by the next sunshine all the green weather, as little Willy Everett calls it, will have come again. Come

among the verdant walls of hedges and knolls
and banks and burns—among the fields with their
tapestried carpets, and the trees clothed to their
finger-tops with foliage. Come forth—come forth,
my children !

‘These’s not a budding boy or blooming girl
But ought to leave their home,
And come with me, to frolic in the dizzy whirl
Of soft winds playing as the dry leaves curl
In hollow nooks
And merry brooks.

Come let us go while in our prime,
And take the harmless frolic of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die,
Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun ;
And as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost cannot be found again ;
So we are born to pass away.
Like little insects of a day.

Get up, then, lie-a-bed—get up and see
The glory of the grass, the beauty of the tree ;
Hear the young larks their matins sing
To their great Father and their King.’

There is no enjoyment more delicious to the
ear than the lark’s morning song.

‘Come, then, I say my little ones, come with me,
And let us see what we can see ;
No sight or sound, the whole vale round,
But will caress us and will bless us.
Then come with me into the air and sun,
And, like young lambs, up banks of violets run.’

Singing with the Cuckoo.

Spring, sweet spring, again is come!
Sing loud the Cuckoo.

Spring that frees the skies from gloom,
Sing loud the Cuckoo.

Children up, and hear and see
All her mirth and revelry;
Every branch and every tree
Ring with sweetest melody,
And to mingle with the glee,
Loud sings the Cuckoo.

Children sing, and skip, and play,
In the summer holiday:
Come with me and we will go
Where the sweetest violets blow,
Singing with the Cuckoo.

We all cast our cares afar,
Nothing shall our pleasures mar,
From the blossoms joy we'll borrow,
Say farewell to grief and sorrow,
Singing with the Cuckoo.

Let us to the moss-banks run,
And have our gambols in the sun;
Let us to the thickets go,
Where the tender cowslips blow,
Singing with the Cuckoo.

Let us brisk and rush about,
Mad-caps in the season's rout;
Let us laugh and let us sing,
While the hollow woods do ring
With us and the Cuckoo.

THE birds are all at it—busy as bees—and full of life. Nest-making is the general order of the day for birds, as tops and marbles are for boys, and skipping-ropes and battle-door and shuttle-cock are for girls. Come, let us be off, and look after the birds, and see what they are doing—all building their nests, you will say—all but the cuckoo, perhaps, who, cunning and unprincipled as she is, contrives to make use of the nests of other birds, and takes the most unwarrantable liberties with their homes and habitations. Well may she or he, as the case may be, cry cuckoo, cuckoo ; but it would be better, to my thinking, if she were to say nothing, for she has certainly nothing to make such a fuss about. She is a naughty bird, and it is no use saying she is not.

And why? I will tell you. Of course everybody knows that the cuckoo is a migratory bird, which returns to us in April. Her voice is first heard about the middle of the month, and when she comes she does not make her own nest, and never hatches her own eggs, but, with the utmost insolence, deposits them in the nests of other birds, as the hedge-sparrow, tit-lark, water-wagtail, &c., preferring, it would seem, the first mentioned. During the time the hedge-sparrow is laying her eggs, which generally occupies her five days, the cuckoo contrives to deposit her eggs among the

When it is sufficiently fledged, it is soon out of the nest, and away into its native haunts; but all the other birds, somehow or other, have a great dislike to young Master Cuckoo, who exhibits, from the first, a hostile disposition. So Cuckoo lives a life of warfare; but yet it cannot be said of him, he had no friends, for the little wry-neck seems to feel for him, and takes his part with a great deal of courage; and from this circumstance has been called the cuckoo's mate.

The young cuckoo is totally different in appearance from the full-grown bird, and its plumage, unlike that of most young birds, is very thick, smooth, and close set.

One was brought to my door last year by a labourer's boy, who had found it in a meadow at the end of July. It was then about three weeks or a month old, and had just begun to fly a little. It was unable to feed itself, but ate greedily out of the hand, and had a prodigious appetite. For some days it was fed entirely on raw meat, soaked bread, and hemp-seed, but it soon grew tired of this, and was supplied with insects of various kinds, which were evidently its natural food. In less than a week from the time it was caught it learned to peck for itself and to fly readily. Of all insects it seemed to prefer gnats and grasshoppers, especially the latter, which it would kill at a blow and eat at

a mouthful, just as boys eat snap-dragons. The cabbage-caterpillar was its principal food, and of these it ate about 200 full-grown fat ones every day. Spiders and ladybirds and little and great caterpillars it devoured greedily, and sometimes attacked even a wasp or horse-fly.

It had perfect command of itself on the wing. It could climb, too; with the greatest ease up a pole like the clown in the pantomime, or down an incline like pantaloon. As to its note or song, for it never learned to say cuckoo in my hearing, it at first had two cries, one a gentle chirp, uttered incessantly when hungry; at the same time it vehemently shook one wing—never both, and the other a shrill whistle. As it grew older it gradually discontinued this latter cry, and the first became more loudly hoarse.

Some people have said that the cuckoo is a stupid bird; but my youngster showed from the first much intelligence and observation, and was a most amusing pet. From the first it seemed to notice everything, and was as meddlesome and as fond of pecking as a magpie. It delighted in biting the fingers of the persons who came near it—in pulling pins out of a pincushion—and in hammering at any stuffed bird that was shown to it. No creature could be more fearless and familiar. For the first fortnight it was allowed to have the range

of the room during the greater part of the day, and though it was perfectly able to fly, it would sit up by hours by the side of the owner, perched on the handle of a basket, and would allow itself to be stroked, caressed, taken up, and carried about on the finger. It was impossible to drive it. If a sheep were presented to it, the cuckoo would fly at it with outspread wings, and belabour it unmercifully.

After the first fortnight it was removed from the house and placed in a large cage out of doors, with a pair of Barbary doves. From this time a singular change took place in the creature's disposition. All gentleness and quietness of demeanour vanished: it instantly became as fierce and irritable as any young bird-of-prey. It did not molest the doves, but kept at a distance from them, and would strike them with its wings, and peck them sharply if they attempted to approach it, or to examine its food. Latterly they became very good friends, and would even plume each other. But it was to the human race that it showed the most dislike. If any one came near the cage, the cuckoo would raise its wings and bristle up the feathers of its head, and glare ferociously. If a finger were pointed at it, it would scream and flap its wings and give every proof of its pugnacious character. Alas, poor cuckoo! brave and pugnacious as he was, he had

to die. A suddenly cold night in August released him from his peaceful friends the doves, and from the world at the same time. He was found motionless on the following morning at the bottom of his cage, the doves eyeing him with a thoughtful and suspicious air.



The Lambing Season.

WHAT a pretty thing is a young lamb! It seems to be the sign of everything pure, and simple, and innocent, and happy. How lovely it is to see it run and skip, and jump and bound on some primrose or violet-bank in the early spring, just as the sun begins to warm and brighten the earth, and as the little blossoms, the daisies, and the buttercups there, like stars in the grassy meadow; then to behold them tugging at their mothers' breasts with a vigorous delight, and nibbling now and then at the sweet young vernal grass. Even their little bleatings have music in them; sometimes joyful, sometimes melancholy, but always pleasing; and the playful wagging of the little limp tails as they caper about, gives the mind a cheerfulness and happiness difficult to describe.

Children are often compared to little lambs, and well they may, for they run about free and happy, and frisky, just as lambs do. They, too, depend upon a mother's care, and mothers are as fond of their little ones as the ewes of their lambs, and fondle and caress them and play with them

in the same manner. The little lambs also nestle in their bosoms and fly to them when danger threatens. Oh, it is a sweet sight to see little lambs running to and fro at their mother's call, like obedient little children.

Come, my little lambkins—that is, my little readers—come with me into the meadows. Rude and blustering March has now come. Hark! he is whistling and hallooing among the trees. Welcome to him, say I, for although he is rude and rough in his manners, he brings us many blessings. “March winds and violets blue; rude blasts and cowslips too,” is the old saying; and they truly speak the character of March, who comes in like a lion—wild and furious, but goes out like a lamb—mild and gentle.

If the violet and the primrose, the pure little wood-anemone, and hundreds of other delicate flowers intrust themselves for their nursing to the rude arms and rough rocking-cradle of merry old March, it is no wonder that the delicate little lambkin does so too, and throws itself into his embraces. Lambs are born and cradle in the lap of March, and wild as he sometimes blows upon them, he gives them good dry nursing, and brings them up bravely, and comforts them with his little glimmer of sunshine glancing through the clouds, like fond looks, on his little ones.

The lambing season, therefore, my little ones, is a very interesting season. It generally takes place in March, and a busy, restless time it is for all that are concerned. You would like to know something about this season, I have no doubt, and therefore I must tell you all that I know about it.

The first thing the shepherd does when the lambing season is coming on, is to get all the ewes together in some comfortable part of the farm. He usually looks for a nice dry, warm sheltered spot on a rising ground, backed, perhaps, by high woods or lofty hills, and where he can see the whole of the flock from some convenient spot. He is generally attended by a boy, and perhaps by two, besides his dog. And he makes himself a snug hut on the spot where he can have a bright fire, and where he lodges at night, and where he keeps all the things necessary for the comfort of the little lambs when they are born.

The time at last arrives; and now the good shepherd is night and day on the spot; he must take no sleep for several nights, neither he nor his boy, nor his dog. He has got his bottle of warm milk, and his cordials ready for the weak ewes or weekly lambkins, and he is ready to assist all those that cry to him for succour, like a good clergyman among his flock of poor and destitute persons.

Now come the lambs, one after the other ; they are quickly born, and their mothers lick them and fondle them, and rejoice over them : then the shepherd looks to them. He marks the twins, and those poor little creatures who are too weak or too cold to seek their natural food, are cheered with the nice warm milk of the bottle which has been kept warm by being laid near the shepherd's breast. If they require more help, the delicate little lambkins are taken to a sheltered spot, or placed in a basket lined with straw and carefully nursed for an hour or two till they get warm, and strong, and lively, when they are taken to their mothers, who receive them with great joy, and fondle and lick them over and over again.

Sometimes one of the ewes will die, and then, perhaps, a couple of lambs will be left motherless—little orphans—poor dears ; and sometimes the little lambs will die and some of the ewes will be left lambless—or childless. One of the ewes thus bereaved and one of the orphans being chosen, means are taken by which the ewe adopts the young orphan for its own, in place of the one she has lost ; and after a little while she takes to it, and feels as much love for it as if she had borne it : and sometimes she shows more fondness for the adopted lambkin than other ewes do for their own proper offspring.

Of the affection of sheep for their young I could tell you a great many stories. One was told me by the old shepherd on Mr. Turner's farm, which I will relate to you. The old shepherd is a fine specimen of his race. His bright blue eye, clear complexion, rosy cheeks, and venerable white hair made him look like a mild and venerable Christian bishop, and his crook and staff made the resemblance the more complete. Well, this old sheep bishop, as I shall call him, told me this tale:—"Whilst I was on a farm at Martlesham, a severe blast of snow came on by night at the latter end of March, which destroyed several score of our lambs, and as we had not enough of twins and odd lambs for the ewes that had lost theirs, of course we selected the best ewes and put lambs to them. As we were making the distribution, I requested my master to spare me a lamb for a ewe which he knew, and which was standing over a dead lamb in the end of the field, about four miles from the house. He would not let me do it, but bade me let her stand over her lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twin would be forthcoming. I did so, and faithfully she stood to her charge. I visited her every morning and evening for the first eight days, and never found her above two or three yards from the lamb; and often as I went my rounds she eyed me long ere I came

near her, and kept stamping with her foot and snorting through her nose to frighten away the dog. He got a regular chase twice a day as I passed by ; but however excited and fierce a ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to mankind, being perfectly meek and passive to them. Well, the weather grew fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed ; but still the affectionate and desolate creature kept hanging over the poor remains with an attachment that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew tears to my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones mixed with a small quantity of wool. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it morning and evening, uttering a few heart-piercing bleats, till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil or wafted away with the wind."

Young lambs begin to nibble the grass at the end of three or four weeks ; but they are from three to six months old, according to the pasture, before they are weaned. As they grow strong and active, it is delightful to watch their gambols, to which their artless grace and meekness of appearance give additional charms. How often have I seen them on the side of a little knoll, running round and round each other at their utmost speed,

whilst every now and then some would drop off as if tired, then again join the circle with increased zest. During these manoeuvres the sedate ewes, quietly cropping the grass around, would occasionally look up—think, perhaps, of the days of their youth, and continue their own more substantial enjoyment. But should an unlucky dog approach at any such time, what a sensation spreads through the whole woolly group! Heaven and earth, clouds and thunder, storm and tempest, seem to be coming together to their imaginations. A phalanx is formed; the principal ewes step forward and express their marked indignation at this intrusion, and give stamping hints of their determination to stand no nonsense with the intruder,—and away they go at him in a body. He runs to and fro, sometimes nearer and sometimes further from the lambs, who stand and stare at him, while the ewes dodge him, and turn him, and slue him about, till at last they turn him out, and drive him from the field.

In the wild mountain-districts of Scotland, the shepherd has not only the arduous duties of the lambing-season to execute, but frequently appalling dangers to undergo from the terrible storms that prevail in those desolate regions. Sometimes whole flocks of sheep are swept from the mountainsides by a hurricane into the depths below, and

hurled among rocks and stones and raging waters ; —often are sheep discovered on little pinnacles of the rocks, with howling torrents raging around them ; and the Highland shepherd has to brave the torrent, and, taking them in his arms, to wade to the opposite side of the ravine : often does both sheep and shepherd perish in the attempt.

Some persons adopt one plan, and some another, to get the sheep to know and follow them. In ancient days the shepherds had their tabor and their pipe, and the sheep used to dance around them. In Ireland I saw a large flock of Merino sheep under the care of one man, "Pat Mahony," who had no dog, and nothing but his horn wherewith to direct them. But the sound of that instrument was sufficient ; and Pat used to play his sheep all kinds of merry tunes, such as "Donnybrook Fair" and other crashing melodies. No Arcadian sheep could possibly obey these musical directions more cheerfully than the Irish Merinos did Pat. If the horn blew, they collected round him ; if he went on, they followed ; if he stopped, they did the same. At one part of the grounds there was a plank bridge, only eighteen inches wide, and one hundred and ten feet long : over this, in single file, with admirable regularity, Pat led them at his pleasure.

It was curious, too, to hear Pat discourse with

his sheep. No clergyman could have more to say to his flock than Pat. Sometimes he would, with a blow of his horn, collect them all together in a quiet part of the hills, and give them a sound lecture. He had names for the greatest part of the flock, and especially for those "Spalpeens" who gave him more than necessary trouble.— "Ough, ye smiling varment, Teddy O'Rourke!" he would say to one who looked a little more impudent than the others;—"by the powers, if ye don't behave yerself I'll fade ye for a month upon nothing but promises! And ye, Miss Judy O'Flannighan! if ye don't give up your skittish commodities, and behave yourself with becoming decorum, and keep from gamboling about with your airs and graces into whereabouts as is difficult to detect, I shall be after giving ye such a pull by the leg as will make ye believe the man in the moon had got fast hould of ye!—And ye, ye little frisky bumfusses, with yer tails flapping about like buttermilk in a windy day, behave yerselves like good little babbies as ye ought to be, and don't tug and drive and butt so at yer ould mothers, as if ye wanted to knock the breath out of them!" And then, after such an oration, Pat would blow his horn and walk off, the sheep skipping and dancing behind him as if they understood every word of it.

Rooks and Rookeries.

Do you know what a rookery is? If you were to go with me into Drury Lane and the Seven Dials, in the west; and into Petticoat Lane, Rag Fair, Houndsditch, Ratcliffe Highway, in the east of London,—and especially into the latter dark, narrow, dirty and crooked streets and their vicinity,—you would come upon filthy courts and corners, odd places of habitation, low, arched, dilapidated buildings, overhanging reeking cellars, and houses almost like cellars, seeing the dirt of the streets is high up above the thresholds. In these wretched places, old women, old men and young men, and young women, and children both young and old—for some children are old in their infancy—are crushed and jammed together like figs in a jar. Such places bear in London the name of Rookeries.

This is not, however, the kind of rookery I am going to talk to you about, my young friends. Mine is a very different rookery to those alluded to. Sunshine, pure air, light, health, happiness abound in those I am going to speak of; but I think it is well, when we talk about comfort and

happiness and cheerfulness, that we should not altogether forget that the world we live in has its dark parts as well as its bright ones—its blots, its stains, its evils—because, as the rising generation rise and rise, it may be hoped that they may rise in time to that life of goodness which will impel them to seek out the wretched in their hovels, and appear there as angels of light, striving to erase the blots and smearings of the world's *copy-book*.

But I don't want to preach sermons : let's off to the rookery. It is early in the year ; the spring, however, is drawing nigh ; the buds are swelling on the branches, and if you look on the trees, you will find them, in their tiniest tendrils, to be looking thicker and more lovely, for the darkness of the branches are getting a warmer tint. The birds, too, are beginning to "cherrup up:" the snowdrop and the cowslip are bringing glad tidings all about us ; the stir of a new life is heard to rustle, and the great business of nature, reproduction, is now commencing.

And who enjoys this season more than our old friends the rooks ? — whose voices tell half so loudly the importance of the coming time ? They now return from their wintry habitations to their old quarters—the rookery. Look at them ; here they come, across the river up to the old church, into the beautiful old wood, where the prim-

roses are valued almost as sovereigns by the good old rector, a man of rare warmth of heart and feeling. Here they come to examine their old nests, to repair or build them anew, whilst the instinct of providing for their future progeny animates and directs their exertions. After pairing takes place, it is somewhat curious if there remains an odd bird,—and some of the old farmers here say there is never more than one in a rookery,—he flies off, it is supposed, to find some bird of the opposite sex similarly circumstanced; and it is believed that from the pairs thus formed rookeries date their birth. Be this as it may, I know I have seen many things in connection with rooks equally curious.

Sometimes, when the birds are building, a stately old rook will settle down upon the head of one of farmer Haywood's ewes feeding in the marsh. The ewe, who seemed conscious of the condescension, would desist from grazing, and stand fixed and motionless as if she had been suddenly mesmerized. The rest of the rookery would then come wheeling down in imitation of their leader, until every one ewe had two or three cawing and fluttering upon its back, anxious to obtain their wool at the cheapest market—that is, by stealing it; for rooks seem not to have the least idea of the rights of property. It has been often noticed that some

one unhappy pair vainly attempts to build a nest; for no sooner have a few sticks been put together than a detachment, probably of the rook police, comes and demolishes the whole.

However, the rooks build their nests, and when finished, the hens, as all other hens do that are good for anything, begin to lay their eggs, and to set upon them; and then the cock-rooks are the most faithful, attentive, and considerate husbands that can be imagined; and the hens receive this attention, not as some people do, as if they had a right to other people's services, but with a real gratitude and thankfulness, which is shown by the manner in which they fondle their attendants, flutter their wings, and croak satisfaction. This kindness on the part of the father, to the mother of the young rooks, is continued to the children—the young rooks—and he joins the parent hen in finding them food as soon as they can swallow,—and which they do at a very early period of their existence. And it is said that, should the parent rooks be slain by the murderous gun, some of the rooks, like good neighbours, will bring up the orphan family,—at least so a naturalist says, who knows the rooks' language, and has written a grammar of it for the parish clerk.

Leaving the grammar, and going again to the rooks: when the young are sufficiently strong,

their education may be said to commence, by their parents *training* rather than teaching them : just as good housewives used to do by *instinct*, and just as they now do, not by *knowledge*. The old rook trains the young rooks to fly, by herself flying to and fro between the nest and some new branch, calling at the same time in a language one can almost understand. See how easy it is : doubtfully, and with a kind of mental head shake, we may imagine the young ones to look on ; but at last the thing appears really so easy that they must and will try. A preparatory boarding-school flutters on the edge of the nest, and the first branch is reached : the feat is accomplished before long ; round and round it goes, giddy with delight at the new power it has obtained and is enjoying.

The young birds, soon after they have learned the use of their wings, begin to find their own food ; and when they no longer need help from their parents, they are dismissed to shift for themselves. An old bird had been seen to buffet heartily a young one, who, feeling perhaps too lazy to forage for itself, wished to impose upon the parental good-nature. Yet is the love of the rook for its young a marked trait in her character. When seeking food for them, it will, if not successful in the day, still persevere until it has obtained its object,

though there are times when all its endeavours are in vain. In the hot summer of 1825, which of course none of my young readers can remember, many of the young brood of the season perished for want. The mornings were without dew, and sometimes few or no worms were to be obtained, and we found them dead under the trees, having expired on their roostings. It was very distressing—for no relief could be given—to hear the constant clamour and importunity of the young for food. The old birds seemed to suffer without complaint, but the wants of their offspring were expressed by the unceasing cry of hunger and pursuit of the parents for supply, and our fields were scenes of daily failures and lament. Mr. Jesse observes in one of his various remarks (they are sometimes so prodigious as to leave it very doubtful whether he is in jest or earnest):—"At the time when the young birds are shot, according to the common custom, it is melancholy to watch the old birds sit apart on the neighbouring trees, watching till the sport is over that they may return to their young. After the young have fully taken wing, there is a general desertion of the rookery until October, when the rooks return for a short time, perhaps to examine their nests, and then again remove for the winter.

The character of this most clerical-looking of all birds is well worthy the notice of my young

friends. That character, unlike that of our clerical friends, has stood generally but low, and particularly so in the estimation of some persons. They have been called detestable and mischievous creatures, who ruin the crops and break the heart of the farmer. Ay, it is a hard thing to break some farmers' hearts, I can tell you: breaking an anvil or a Suffolk cheese is nothing to it. It is true that, when the young wheat is germinating, the rook, if it can find no other food, does what all of us would do—take some to keep off starvation; but it does not pay its labourers eleven shillings a week when corn is high—flour three and sixpence a stone, and most articles of food at the highest prices: it does not do that. It will, however, pick out the young potato-cuttings, and in autumn it will make free with a ripe pear, a walnut or two—or a bushel or two, or a sack or two: this is really provoking, especially to the boys, who all are fond of knocking down walnuts whenever they can find them. To these charges the rooks plead guilty. But they do more good than evil, by a vast deal, as all good creatures do, except man. In fact, the rook examines weirs and banks and dams to see if insects are there doing any damage. When the manure is spread over the fields he looks anxiously after the insects which would do injury to the young plants, and makes particularly free

with their unfortunate bodies. When the swollen stream leaves the meadow, there is Old Master Rook as busy as a bee and as nimble as a grasshopper, gorging himself with the noxious germs which the floods have left behind. In autumn, by a curious instinct, he distinguishes the sickly plants, and delves down to the root for the grubs and larvae there at work. In short, the rook is a very useful and worthy bird, and, like many worthy and serviceable people in this unworthy and unserviceable world, gets terribly abused and belied.

Early to bed and early to rise, is the rooks' maxim, and they do their best to instil it into their neighbours. If the labourer is not forth with his plough in good time, their noise soon awakens him as they fly, cawing and clamouring about the fields for their breakfast of fresh worms, which he provides for them in the newly-made furrow. The farmers may say what they like, and talk of the independent yeoman and the noble-hearted occupier, but the rook is quite as unselfish as he is, and twice as sociable. If they are pressed for room in the rookery, he will allow a pair to build on the same fork of a branch with himself. He won't turn the cottager off his land and make him live in another parish to throw the poor-rates off his own shoulders, as some of our noble British farmers are known to do. With dignified condescension, also, he will permit jack-

daws and starlings to dwell with him, and occasionally a sparrow to build under his august protection. In the winter, perhaps, pressed for food, he may make trespass upon the sea-gull's shoreward domains: the gull now returns her visit to the fields, and both peck together very fraternally, like Englishmen and Frenchmen in the Crimea, which is, my young friends, to the glory of both. I have seen things among rooks perfectly astonishing, as displaying their *sentiment*—not the bacon-and-bean sentiment of some of our farmers. When one of the rooks is killed or wounded by a gun, instead of being scared away, they hover round, uttering cries of distress. If wounded, the sufferer is animated in his exertions to escape, by their flying to and fro gently before him, and by their cries and exhortations. I have seen one of the labourers pick up a rook so wounded, which he had shot for the purpose of putting upon a scarecrow in a field of wheat; and while the poor wounded bird was fluttering on his head, I have observed one of his companions make a wheel round in the air and suddenly dart past him, so as almost to touch him, perhaps with the last hope that he might afford assistance to his unfortunate mate or companion.

Rooks are capital smellers of powder, for they readily take the alarm when any one with a gun passes near. When feeding, the rooks set a senti-

nel, who executes the duties of his post so well, that it is difficult to get within shot. They have also a language, for by the sentinel's cry they understand not only the danger but the quarter from which it is to be apprehended, as they prove, by flying in an opposite direction.

In feeding upon worms, they break them into pieces; and when in the winter they resort to the sea-shore, where the periwinkle is their favourite food, they break the shell by rising with it a sufficient height into the air, and then dropping it on the hardest place they can find.

Mark, my young readers, the return of the rooks in the evening, for it is a splendid sight to see them returning in long strings to the rookery, where they wheel round in the air and sport and dive in a most amusing and playful manner, all the while raising their voices and making a loud cawing, which being blended and softened by the distance, becomes a pleasing murmur; and here they whirl and wing, and call, and shout, and tip the branches with their feet in little dances, till, with the last gleam of day, they return for the night to dream of grubs, and caterpillars, and "winkles," and other cheer for the morrow.

Donkey-riding:

SHOWING THE MAD FREAKS AND DOINGS OF DONKEYS
BY THE SEA-SIDE, AND OF A DONKEY WATER-
PARTY.

DONKEYS are very funny fellows—and always were and always will be. They are especial favourites with young ladies: as for the boys—they always want ponies when they can get them; but the girls are always contented, nay, delighted with donkeys. To ride upon their backs on the broad sea-shore—and to see the waves rolling and foaming and thundering on the beach, or laughing in the bright sunshine, or stirred by storm and tempest—is a most delightful accompaniment to donkey-riding.

Still it is a very sad sight, and spoils much of the fun of donkey-riding when there is a cruel fellow behind you belabouring your poor Neddy; so when I go to the sea-side, I usually take the rod of power from the donkey-driver and then I manage very well.

And the fun I have sometimes had in this way is surprising. There is nothing in the whole of pleasures, created and uncreated, to equal it.

Talk of dancing quadrilles, and sitting up after supper to look at the moon through a telescope, or going to the Polytechnic, or the pantomime, or Madame Tussaud's, or to the Colosseum, or to see the hippopotamus, or to hear the slow-coach lecture on decimal coinage: all these delights are no more to be compared with donkey-riding than the sun is to be compared with one of Palmer's night-lights.

Donkey-riding is the thing. It is useful, healthful, jaunty, frisky, and funny. And I am sure the donkeys like it when they are properly cared for, and fed with "gingerbread," and "Sally Lunns," and "captains' hands," and "sponges;" and apples, pears, or chestnuts; or hardbake and elecampane—as they often are when a good-hearted troop of young ones get them all to themselves. I say the donkeys like it; and therefore we must and will have a trip with the donkeys. It was in the midsummer holidays—that most glorious of all the seasons, provided it is not wet, which it sometimes is: it was in the primest part of the midsummer holidays, just as we approach the dog-days, when every day is hot, and dry, and glittering about us, and we thirst for the sea-breeze and the salt water like fish out of water—that poor unfortunate I, determined to go down to my old watering-place, Felixstow, not far from

Harwich, to enjoy the delicious sensation of lying on my back on the sea-beach stones, amusing myself by digging trenches, and making mountains and sand-pies with a wooden spade, and looking through telescopes till my eyes ached, and viewing "beautiful maids" as they were being trimmed by the knife of the fisherman on sacrificing-stones—I mean the fish called beautiful maids, not the young ladies seen on beaches with cardinal broad-brims, or blue coal-scuttle-looking blinds over their faces to keep the fresh air out of their mouths. I went down to this most quiet of all places, Felixstow, a pretty spot, full of fashionables from the interior of Suffolk, and happy, hearty, jovial school-boys and school-girls.

Felixstow has many natural beauties. There is old Smith, the toffy-shop keeper, a natural beauty in his way; and his pretty daughter, a natural beauty in hers. Then there is old Bombardier Cozy, the Preventive-service man, with his venerable bullety head, white as a snow-ball—with his pockets full of funny things found on the beach—with mermaids' hair, and dolphins' eyes, and sea-eggs, and amber-fat, and whales' ears, and bits of the 'Royal George,' washed up from Spithead—and lots of other curiosities too numerous to mention, but which find a ready sale among

the scientific visitors. Then there is the natural curiosity of the "corporalizers," tucked up behind, wandering about with downcast eyes to pick up whatever the sea chances to give them; and then there is the Cork-light right abreast of you, and Landguard Spit, and Bawdsey Cliffs, and the old sand-bar at the mouth of the Deben; but the greatest of all the natural curiosities is the wild ocean itself, stretching out to the coast of Holland—looking, at summer time, as winking and twinkling and bounceable a fellow as you would see in any part of the sea-coast of England.

To this blessed spot, then, I determined to go in the dog-days of last year, to cool myself, and to frisk about like a dolphin in the mighty deep. I was all alone—my little boat and I—and I thought that the solitude and the intensity and the grandeur and the sublimity of the mighty swell of ocean would enter into me; but all my sentiments and poetry and blank-verse went off at a pop, like a sea-gull when a gun is fired. Then as I walked along the beach I saw such a shoal of young shrimps—small fry—little grigs—or brats, or children, or whatever you call them, as to astonish me. They were holiday children who had come down to Felixstow to have some fun by the sea-side.

I shall never forget how glad I was to see them. There were the girls proper of the establishment; besides them were their brothers and their cousins, and some of the governesses, and sundry "odds" from the country; and they all came down from the cliffs like a sudden springing out of laughing, joyous, sparkling, pure, and happy waters. To see them rush to the beach, and leap, and caper, and dance, and pick up stones to throw at the sea, and to hear their sweet voices like a peal of merry bells breaking out, or a chorus of happy birds, did the heart of old Peter Parley good.

Of course the whole shoal of small fry rushed towards me—girls, boys, principals and governesses, cousins, and all others, of whatever name they might happen to be. So we raced, and ran, and chatted, and told stories, and sang little madrigals, and pushed each other into the sea, and laughed, and played sad, foolish tricks with each other; till at last we began to get tired, our sides and faces to ache with laughing, and our feet with walking.

At this moment we beheld a lovely troop of donkeys coming towards us: a troop—no, it was more—it was the first, second, and third division of the asinine army of Felixstow returning from Bowdsey Ferry, to which place they had carried

another holiday-party, and were now returning empty outside.

There was a great and simultaneous rush for the donkeys. The girls were quite as good as the boys at racing, and all the donkeys were seized by one or the other. Thirteen real Jerusalem ponies, with big saddles and milk-white saddle-cloths, captured and taken by a brave army of little girls and boys at a single rush. Then came the scrambling to get on—the topples over on the other side—the gettings up again—the twistings, turnings, and obstinate caperings of the donkeys—and the little scuffles between Harry and Alfred and Lucy and Jane as to choice. Little “Doddy,” the pretty little queen of the party, although not quite eight years old, would have the biggest donkey to herself. Expostulation, coaxing, argument, all went for nothing; little Doddy had set her *mind* upon that big donkey, and she would have it to sit her *body* on.

And what an imposing cavalcade we made! Charley Loder tried to organize the force. Willy Everett wanted to be commander, captain, and general. Little Doddy said she would, and rode on before like a queen of the Amazons. She slashed her donkey behind and before; and although she jumped up and down like an India-rubber ball, she kept her seat valiantly, and cried

out to the rest of the party, "Follow me!" and flourished her whip like a beautiful blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked little termagant as she was.

"Where shall we go?" was the cry. "Which is the best place for fun?" "Let's go up the cliffs," said one. "Let's go over the ground where the rushes grow," said another. "Let's go by the side of the river," said a third. "Let's go on to the 'Bar,'" said little Doddy; "let's go on to the 'Bar.'" And so little Doddy flourished her whip, gave a crack, rose in her stirrups, and set off, and all the rest followed her. She did not give them time to think; they were mesmerized, and followed captive at little Doddy's will.

The "Bar" was a long piece of sand which at low water ran out a great way into the sea. When the tide was down at the lowest ebb, as it then was, this sand or bar was quite hard and dry. The sea surrounded it, except at one part, at which it was attached to the mainland; but as the tide rose, the part near the land was frequently first under water, and then the bar was completely surrounded by the sea; and when the tide got to its highest flow, the bar itself was under water. Sometimes, though, then people got caught on the bar.

And this was the case now. Little Doddy led

the cavalcade on to the bar—a mile long nearly. It was delightful to ride right out into the sea on a long spit of land, and to find the rolling and foaming water lashing the beach on each side of you, and coming in upon the sharp end of the spit in all its dashing force and glory. Then there was trotting about—girls and boys enjoying themselves gaily in their own fashion. At one time, however, there was nearly an accident. At a particular part of the beach the sea flowed in, and formed a sort of lake. A rude kind of bridge was erected over a narrow inlet, and towards this bridge the whole party proceeded, determined to ride over to the other side. "Slow and steady!" was the order; but they were neither slow nor steady; and the very first donkey that ventured on to the rickety bridge toppled over with its rider into the shallow water. Another followed; and then the bridge fairly broke down in the middle, and prevented their passing over it. Great confusion followed. Annie, in the water, barely kept her seat by holding on tightly by the donkey's ears. But Master Teddy was not so stupid as to remain long in the water. By dint of much struggling and pushing he brought his young rider safe to shore. But in the mean time Tom and Harry and Charlie were crowded together at the foot of the broken bridge, shouting,



“ ‘Slow and steady!’ was the order, but they were neither slow nor steady; and the very first donkey that ventured on to the rickety bridge toppled over with its rider into the shallow water.”

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laughing, and almost crying at the fun. At last all the boys and girls succeeded in once more getting their steeds into good riding order, and trotting back on the sands to the shore. Annie was taken into a bathing-machine to change her wet clothes, and when she came out again you never saw such a transformation in your life! Instead of a young lady, she looked like a poor old woman, for they had dressed her in a gown and shawl belonging to the bathing-woman, and made a perfect guy of her. But she did not mind the laughing that greeted her appearance, and declared that now she had nothing to spoil, she would ride a race on the sands with the best among them.

A loud shout of acceptance was the answer to her challenge; and in another minute boys and girls were galloping over the sands as fast as their donkeys, urged on by the smack of their driver's long whip, could contrive to carry them.

Hot as was the day, the poor old donkeys, although they had no idea of the sublime and beautiful, yet enjoyed the cool, fresh sea-breeze that came in from the surrounding waters; and as to the girls and boys, and all the other folks of this gallant fraternity, their delight knew no bounds but that of the wide, wide ocean that encompassed them.

And there they capered about, boys and girls riding their donkeys into the sea, till the billows nearly veered them off their legs. Some of the old donkeys could only be induced to back in and kick up behind at the billows. One old fellow, in his cantankerous stubbornness, determined to lie down in the sea; and down he went, all fours, with little Doddy on the top of him.

But Doddy whipped him till he got up again, and then rode him round the spot so triumphantly as made us all laugh heartily. Then all took to their heels and galloped from one side to the other, and dashed through the little lakes, left on the hollow of the sand by the retiring tide, and floundered through the other little water-ways. Some got off their chargers and amused themselves by picking up shells and seaweeds, and pelting each other with sea-eggs. In short, everything was forgotten in this glorious fun—but the fun—even time had ceased to be—whether the sun moved, or the tide rose was no business of anybody. Joy, joy, joy, was in the ascendant, and kept on his high course in spite of time or change.

But however you may defy time, he will go on; however you may defy the ocean, he will come on. Time and tide, the proverb says, wait for no man; and why should they for girls and boys and

donkeys—not they; and so the sun sank down and the sea rose up, and when little Doddy and all of us looked to the shore, we found that the tide had set over the base of the spit, and that we were cut off from the shore.

“We are in for it,” said I. “What is to be done?” said one of the governesses: “we are lost—we are lost!”—and here she was going to faint; but a good-humoured wave sent a handful of spray into the young lady’s face, which revived her. “Quick, quick!” said I, “for the shore!” and away we all dashed to the place where the waters were coming in; but it was impossible to cross; the tide had risen so rapidly, and there was such a deep hollow in the spot, that the sea came in like a mill-race.

“Our retreat is cut off!—we shall all be lost!” cried one of the biggest boys. “We shall all find a watery grave!” said the governess. “That will be so romantic!” said Miss Jemima.—“So dreadful!” said Miss Maria.—“So horrible!” said Miss Laventina.—“Such fun!” said little Doddy.

Our situation was indeed a little perplexing; but we were not far from the coast-guard station, and I was not so much alarmed. “Let us make signals of distress,” said I; and so we tied our sticks together, as many as we had, and then we put our shawls and handkerchiefs and caps

upon them, and waved them to and fro, shouting loudly; some of the young ladies screaming dreadfully, and one or two of the young gentlemen howling, but most of us enjoyed the sport.

The sea did not care twopence whether we enjoyed the sport or not, nor the wind which began to blow, nor the sky which began to lower; but sea and wind and sky kept on to rise and to blow and to lower just as if there had not been a party of nice young ladies and gentlemen, and some very useful donkeys, to drown and be done for.

And the coast-guard men—all the young men being gone to their drill—move so slowly and so much like old women, that there seemed to be no chance from them; and we hallooed and bawled and howled and screamed louder and louder, but the sea and the wind and the waves bawled and howled louder than we did, and nobody seemed to hear us.

The waves came on and on—the tide rose higher and higher—the little spot on which we stood grew less and less; it was only a dozen yards long and a dozen wide. We all huddled together into a compact mass. On and on came the waters, the spray lashed over us, the waves dashed about us, and the old sea-gulls whirled

round us as if they thought us as good as carrion already.

At last, however, when even the most funny of us looked serious, we beheld, to our great relief, three boats pushing off from the shore. The rowers rowed lustily, but the tide being against them, and the wind high, they came but slowly towards us. In the meantime the sea had breached over the land, and the breakers threw their flooding manes about our feet. Then the young ones did begin to squeak, all except little Doddy; she kept her seat on her donkey's back, and flourished her whip as valorously as ever.

The waters were over our ankles, and we were all forced to stand close together—clasp arm and arm to prevent being washed away by the waves which rose higher and higher, and which would rise till they were twelve feet over the sand. Oh, dear! the thought of that made me groan at last! But the boats were pulling quickly in, and at last we heard them grate on the shingle.

A great rush for the boats—donkeys and all. The children were soon put on board them; but what was to become of the neddies? Vain attempts were made to get them into the boat. One was got in after much ado, but he fell out again. One of the sailors tried to get in a second, by placing

the donkey's fore feet over his shoulders, and thus dragged him on; but a bold dashing wave capsized him and the donkey, too; and then the boat gave a tremendous lurch, and all gave a more tremendous scream: when the scream was over, somebody called out for little Doddy.

Where was she? "Oh, she is drowned! She is fallen overboard!" Not a bit of it: little Doddy had sat strong upon her donkey's back, enjoying the fun. But her steed, being a very old stager, and up to this sort of fun, having during his long life been more than once in a similar predicament, bolted off to the shore, swimming like a duck with little Doddy on his shoulders. And all his brothers and sisters, Jacks and Jennies, being accustomed to follow the old stager, were now seen, their little heads above the water, making for the shore as fast as their legs would paddle them.

Little Doddy was foremost, and held on like a little heroine, and long before the boats had reached the other side, she and her retinue of asses were shaking themselves on the shore; and she rode to meet us, dripping like a mermaid, with her hood bent up like a worn-out wide-awake, and her shoulders covered with seaweed.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Doddy for ever!—Coast-

guard men for ever!—Sea-boat for ever!—Sea side for ever!—Donkeys for ever!” And so we went our ways rejoicing till we got back to the comfortable inn on Felixstow Beach, where we enjoyed ourselves in the best front drawing-room till the sun went down and the moon rose up, and we went home, singing—

The sea, the sea is the thing for me,
And to have for my steed a gallant donkey.



Almonds and Raisins;

OR, THE

BLOSSOMING OF THE ALMOND, AND BEES'-WAX.

Who does not like almonds and raisins? Who can think of Christmas and its feasts without a thought of them? Who does not like honey, ay, even in the honeycomb? Some boys and girls will eat it till they feel particularly uncomfortable about the region of the stomach, and have strange and woeful suggestions crowding upon them, and dolorous expressions of countenance, and funny sensations in the head—a sinking, whirling, rising, falling back, sliding forward, going slant-endicular, horizontal tendency of the body; showing plainly that honey may be too sweet, and almonds and raisins too indigestible; and, therefore, instead of sitting down to a dish of almonds and raisins, or to slices of honeycomb, we will try to extract some sweets from another subject.

Everybody knows I have a beautiful garden; it is impossible for me to live without one. I would rather live on bread and onions, as our

poor labourers do, when they can get the onions, and go half starved, than be without my garden. My garden has stores of everything in it, from the hyssop that groweth against the wall to the noble-flowering, noble-bearing almond-tree; and a noble-bearing, noble-flowering almond-tree stands on my lawn close over my study-windows; and to see it put out its lovely white blossoms makes me think of my "white hairs;" for the almond-tree begins to flourish on the old head of poor old Peter Parley, I can tell you, my friends.

But never mind that: an almond-tree in the centre of my garden presents, at this moment, an immense tuft of flowers covering its whole surface. Such a glow—if silver beauty can be called a glow—of floral beauty would at any time be an object of admiration; but at this early season of the year, when everything else is dead, when not a leaf appears on any of the vegetables besides, and the surrounding trees look like bony skeletons, it claims some attention from you and me, my young friends.

Many juveniles have observing eyes and inquiring minds: these are the children for me. I would not give the hair of a pin's head for those that do not ask questions, and try to know what is going on in the world around them—not I; because those who do so always get rewarded.

They don't perhaps get stars or garters or coronets or cash, but they get what is much more valuable—they get knowledge; and I may say, to use a little licence, that they get diamond-mines and gold-mines and nuggets of wisdom laid up in the storehouse of ideas, and that is the sort of wealth for Peter Parley.

However, we will not talk much about that: but who has ever seen an almond-tree? that is what I want to know. He who has *seen* it, mind,—not looked at it: he who has really seen it must have *observed* that in all flowers there is an apparatus in the centre, differing from the leafy structure of the verge which strikes the eye at first sight; the threads that support the yellow heads in the centre of the rose, and those which serve as pedestals to the less numerous, but larger, dusky black ones in the tulip, are of this kind. Formerly, these were thought little of by the observer, but now science proves these delicate particles to be very essential to the economy of all flowering plants. Taking the tufts in the almond-blossoms, it has been found that of its minutest threads there is not one but has its destined office, just as much as the lines and ropes of a ship have, and that though so numerous and apparently indefinite, every single flower of the whole has precisely the same number, to the utmost exactness,

and precisely in the same situation. Nor is it credible that there has ever been, or ever will be, a tree of the same kind, every single flower of which will not be formed with the same regularity.

In the beautiful almond-tree which peeps in at my study-window morning, noon, and night, and catches the smile of the moonbeam as a part of its own silver filigree-work, I see, morning, noon, and night, the hand of that Divine Providence which is ever our hope and trust in all things. Not a flower of the millions that crowded upon the sight in every part but contained the precise number of thirty little threads, and not one of these threads but had its little figure-head placed in the same direction on the summit, and filled with a waxy dust destined for impregnating the already teeming fruit. The fruit showed its downy rudiments in the centre, and sent up a peculiar organ to the height of these heads to receive the fertilizing dust when the heads should burst, and convey it to the very centre of the embryo fruit.

Such is the economy of Nature in the production of her bounties. But she does not work single-handed—not she—nor double-handed, but many-handed: she has often more purposes than one to answer in most of her doings: she can do many things at once—as I shall show you. It is

easy to conceive that one of all these little receptacles of fertilizing dust might have contained enough and to spare of it to fertilize the kernel of a single fruit, for each flower produces no more. Yet surely twenty-nine or thirty had not been created in vain. So I inquired—so I pondered, and it was not long before the mystery was explained to me.

The sun shone with unusual warmth for the season, and its beams led forth a bee from a neighbouring hive, who directed her course immediately to this source of plenty. The little creature first settled on the top of one of the branches, and for a moment seemed to enjoy the scene, as I did. She just gave me time to admire her sleek, silky coat and glossy wings, before she plunged into a full-blown blossom, and busied herself amid the thready strings of the centre. Here she wantoned and rolled herself about, as if in ecstasy, for a considerable time. Her motions greatly disconcerted the apparatus of the flower: the ripe heads of the thready filaments all burst, and shed a subtile yellow powder over the whole surface of the leaves; nor did she cease from her gambols while one of them remained whole, or with any appearance of dust in the corals.

Tired with enjoyment, as schoolboys sometimes never are with their holidays, she now walked

out, and appeared to have paid for the mischief she had done at the expense of strongly defiling her own downy coat. Though some of the dust had been spread out upon the surface of the flower by her motions, the far greater part of it had evidently fallen upon her own back, and was retained there amid the velvety shag of its covering.

Mrs. B. now stationed herself upon the summit of a little twig, and began to clear her body of the newly-gathered dust, and it was not half a minute before her whole coat was as clean and as glossy as at first. Yet it was most singular that not a particle of the dust had fallen upon any of the flowers about her, where, if it had, it must have been clearly visible.

But now a very laboured motion of the fore-legs of the little insect attracted my eye, and the whole business was soon explained. I found she had brought together every particle that she had wiped off from her body, and formed it into a mass, which she was now moulding into a firmer texture, and which she soon after delivered to the next leg; and from that, after a little moulding more, to the hinder one, where she lodged it in a solid round lump in a part destined to receive it; and having thus finished her operation, took wing for her hive with the load.

It was now evident that what had seemed sport and pastime was a matter of business to the insect—that its rolling itself about was with the intent to dislodge the yellow dust from the little boxes that contained it, and that this powder, the abundance of which it was easy to perceive could not be created for the service of the plant, was destined to furnish the bee with *wax* to make its combs, and to serve for a thousand other purposes afterwards.

The return of this single insect to the hive sent out a legion upon the same expedition. The tree was in an instant covered as thickly almost with bees as with flowers. All these employed themselves exactly as the first had done, except that some forced themselves into the flowers scarcely opened, in which the reservoir of this waxy powder was not ripe for bursting. I saw them bite open successively every one of the thirty heads in the flower, and, scooping out the contents, add them to the increasing ball that was to be conveyed home upon the thigh.

Such, then, my young friends, is the purpose of Nature in providing what may appear to us profusely an abundant quantity of this powder. The bee wants it; and the labour which the insect employs to get it out never fails to answer the purpose of making the blossom fruitful, so

that you may get almonds. The powder is the natural food of the bee. What is lodged in the hive is eaten by the swarm; and after it has been retained in the stomach long enough to be divested of its nutritive qualities, it is disgorged in a state ready for moulding into real and finished wax.

Do you think you are to live for yourself, my young reader? If you do, you are very much deceived. No man, no boy, no girl lives, or should live, for themselves. We are all links of a great chain, or, rather, the separate meshes of a wonderful net-work, of the whole of which we form a part—and not only we, but the meanest object of creation: nothing lives in vain, nothing lives for itself, or, at least, should so live. When a man, or a boy, or a woman, or a girl, thinks solely of him or herself, and of their own gratification—when they want to rake and scrape everything for their dear selves—when they think of self, speak of self, and dream of self, which I am sorry to say some do—they are not in the order of nature, nor of God's providence, nor of Christ's kingdom. Let us live, therefore, for one another, my dear children—let us love one another—let us assist one another—let us be faithful, just, and true to one another—and the Great Being, the good and kind Father of all, who so

bountifully supplies us with every blessing—with almonds and raisins, milk, honey, wine and oil, and all the good things of this world, will know us more as his children, and delight, as he ever does, to make us happy.



Boating Extraordinary.

THE LAUNCH.

CHAPTER I.

Showing how my Nautical feelings were first developed, and how my Nautical adventures first began.

EASTER MONDAY is a celebrated day upon more accounts than one. With Peter Parley it is a great day, because it is the day set apart, from the time of his boyhood, for "launching his boat;" which has been laid up in ordinary during the winter. A boat to him is a kind of necessary of existence; and he could no more live away from salt water than a crab or a codfish. He is, in short, a kind of amphibious animal, not made to remain long on the land, and delighting to be with sea-gulls, and red-shanks, and divers, and periwinkles, and whelks, and mullet, and codfish, with old herons, and plovers, and such other kinds of small and large fry. It is his pride and glory to be captain of the 'Osprey,' and to fly about in her like an osprey, whenever he has the opportunity.

When I was a very little boy I used to amuse myself by boat-building, and I remember well having a fleet of "chip" ships, all full sail, among the rocky billows of the coal-cellar, because my mamma was afraid to let me swim them in the water, for fear I should get drowned. There was a little slant ray of light to illuminate this dark place, and I used to go into it—it was of goodly dimensions—and there set out my fleets. For I had a French fleet and an English fleet, all with flat bottoms and paper sails, and very little in the way of rigging; and it was delightful for me to put my "chippers"—not clippers—through their nautical evolutions in the "Black Coal Sea," instead of the black sea-coal. Often did I disturb the house by the "Bang!—bang!—bang!" of my heroic voice; and as often did I astonish my good mother by appearing in the parlour with a face as black as that of a coal-porter; so that at last I wrung from her reluctant leave to go and sail my boats in a little brook at the bottom of our meadow.

Now I was an Emperor; or what was to me much more than an Emperorship, I was Commodore of the fleet in real water; and, oh! I shall never forget the pleasure I had, in going down to the little running stream. It was not more than a yard across, and I was not quite a yard high.

But I soon made it into harbours, and docks, and channels, and arsenals, for the safety and protection of my little fleet. And I got little cannon—"tobacco-pipes of an inch"—and posted them on all the heights, and made mud batteries for old keys, which represented 68-pounders; and as for flags, I had, I believe, as many flags as cannon. I had a positive frenzy for flags, and had them of all sizes from an inch to a foot; and they floated from every eminence, every mole-hill, every "coign of vantage," as Willy Shakespeare hath it. And when I saw the whole displayed, and my fleet lying proudly in their harbour, I felt—talk of Emperors, and Kings, and Czars, and Autocrats, and such grandees—I was ten times more an Emperor in my feelings than any other Emperor, good, bad, or indifferent, that ever lived from the time of Caesar.

As I grew older, chip ships, with paper sails, and bent pins for anchors, and coal-holes, and little brooks, and tiny flags, became insignificant. I even turned up my already *retroussé* little nose at them, and had the ambition to be the master of a real boat—not a boat that I could swim, but a boat that could swim me—or, rather, that I could swim in. But my mamma had a great aversion to the water; and I had as little chance of ever swim-

ming in a boat by her consent as I had of making a voyage on the back of a whale to the North Pole. She knew that I should come to a watery grave; and what with the water that would drown me, and that which promised to fall from her eyes in case I disobeyed her, I really imagined that even the world might be drowned. I had no idea then of the quantity of water it would take to drown a world; and so I for a time gave up thinking of swimming in a boat.

But, alas! alas! things do and will occur in this dry, undrowned world which completely alter our views, and also our vows sometimes. There was to be a ship-launch at the seaport town near which we lived. I did not know much about such things; but one day little Billy Daniels popped his curly little head over our little garden-wall, and said to me, "Peter, are you going to the ship-launch to-morrow?"—"What is that?" said I.—"Oh, a fine sight!" said he. "I know what a ship is," said I. "I don't know what a launch is."—"Not know what a launch is! Why, you must be silly! It is," said Billy, with an importance of manner I shall never forget, "it is putting a great big ship into the water to make her swim; and it's capital fun! You will never see such a sight as this."

"Do tell me all about it," said I; and I jumped

over the garden-wall. "Do tell me all about it here in the harbour." So we sat down in the harbour of Billy's garden, and he told me about the ship-launch.

"Well, you know," said he (but I didn't), "you know," said he, "that a ship has to be built on the stocks by the ship's carpenter with great mallets, and oakum, and pitch, and tar, and all that." (Billy forgot the wood.) "And when all is done, the ship is knocked on the head with a bottle of wine, and she runs into the water as fast as ever she can go, and makes a great hole in it, and splutters up froth and waves; and the men are all swimming about her, and guns fire, and the flags fly on her deck; and then we boys who are on board, we give her a good rocking, just as if she was a little baby in a large cradle. Oh, it is capital fun! Won't you go?"

"I don't know," said I. "I don't think mother will let me."

"Then go without," said Billy.

That frightened me quite. But Billy so wrought upon my imagination, and made out that it was such an extraordinary thing to see—and that I might never see such a thing again—and that mother would not mind—and that it would do me good—that I determined to go, and to say nothing about it. So when the time came, at

high-water the next day, off I started—I and Billy.

We had little more than a mile to walk; and when we got to the place I really was enchanted. There were so many flags, so many people, such a splendid band of music, and such a lot of hammering and yo-heave yo-ing, and such a nice smell of tar! “Oh!” thought I, “I am glad I was born after all!” For you will understand that in my petty griefs over Old Master Dilworth’s spelling-book, I sometimes wished I wasn’t; or that I had been born a dolphin, or some other aquatic party.

Billy and I got on board—for Billy’s father was a shipowner and a merchant, as they call coal and corn-dealers in these parts—and he was looked upon as a very great little boy, and used to turn up his nose at the “skippers,” called captains, and especially at their little boys. So Billy and I got on board. There were a good many other boys on board—got there, as I learned, for the purpose of rocking the ship when she got into the water.

Well, at last the high-water bell rang; the hawser behind was cut; and Miss Wilhelmina Catherine Henrietta Maria Slobbs, the coal-seller’s daughter, broke a bottle of wine over the bows of the “Nightmare,” and into the water she went like a duck.

Of course we all went with her; the sensation,

Billy said, was like gooseberry-tart (he always talked so). I thought it was jolly, as we shot out for nearly a quarter of a mile into the river; and then a loud call from the boys of "rock her!" went fore and aft and down the middle, starboard and larboard. "Rock her! rock her!" and so running first on the starboard side, and then on the larboard side, the weight of thirty or forty little fat cupids made the "Nightmare" sway from side to side, and she began to rock like a cradle with half a hundred babies in it.

"Rock her, rock her!" and we did rock her, and laughed and sung, and leaped with joy and fun. The people cheered them on, and the guns fired, and the flags waved, and Miss Wilhelmina Catherine Henrietta Maria Slobbs stood the queen of the launch, wondering—when all at once, we gave the unlucky ship a rock too much, and over she went, beam ends up and all the babies below.

I don't know what became of me, but I got on the shore somehow; and the first thing that met my opening eyes, was my mamma standing by my side. I found I was on my own little dimity-curtained bed, and that I had had mustard-plasters all over my body, which made me tingle from stem to stern; besides which, I had been very sick, and had, as I thought, one of the ship-carpenters boring a hole in my head with one of the big augers.

My mamma was weeping, and my grandfather—who was an old sea-captain, as you have often heard—laughing heartily.

My young friend suffered much more than I did for this boyish freak, for he was in the water much longer than I was, and would have made his bed at the bottom of the river but for a Newfoundland dog, who leaped in and saved him and several other lads from a watery grave. He was hung up by the heels to let the water out, and finally brought to life again by the rubbing, scrubbing, and rolling of the Humane Society people. The bringing of him to life, he said, was a great deal worse than the drowning, for Willy said there was fun in that. Here I shall leave this part of my nautical experience, but will say more in another Chapter.

CHAPTER II.

The Building of the Boat.—My First Voyage.

THE dip I got at the launch of the "Nightmare"—an odd name for a ship—was a kind of a nautical baptism to me; instead of working a cure upon my sailor-going propensities, it seemed to make the disease worse. The water in which I

floundered had the same effect as a little water put upon a fire, which only makes the flame burn brighter after it gets the better of it. I panted for the sea—for a sailor's life—more than ever. I longed to row a boat, and to sail one. What could I do? I had only a shilling a week pocket-money, and nobody would lend me a boat for fear I should drown myself. I tried to bribe several old sailors with grog and 'baccy, and did sometimes get into a boat with some of them. But I wanted to manage a boat myself; to steer and sail, or at least to row her. I wanted a boat, of my own, and I determined to have one.

So I went frequently down to the boatmaker's yard, and hopping about among the planks and timbers like a young magpie or jackdaw, kept my weather eye open upon what was going forward. I noticed how the keel was laid down, and the ribs of the boat were fixed to it, and how the planking was laid on over them; and it came into my head that I could build a boat if I tried, and so I was determined to try; nay, I was determined to build one.

It is true, I had neither wood, nor tools, nor money to buy any: this was rather awkward; but I had a head-piece, and a knife, and a pair of hands, and two or three old orange-chests were to be had at the grocer's for little or nothing. The

boat I required need not be very big, I thought; if it were only big enough to float me, that would satisfy my ambition, because it would be *mine*; and I should be admiral, commodore, captain, lieutenant, and boatswain, all in one. So with this thought in my head, I set to work.

I got a long strip of wood for a keel, and I got half a dozen hoops from an old wine-cask; these I cut into half-lengths, and nailed them on their centres all along the keel; then I brought the light thin boards of the orange-chests over them into a point at one end, and cut them off at the other, and my work began to look something after the shape of a boat, but of a model such as no one ever thought of since the days of Noah's Ark. It was something like a Dutch Prâm, but resembled more a butter-tub cut in two; but I put a stern in, and painted her name on it, "The Periwinkle;" and as I found that she made about as much water as a sieve, I crammed a lot of oakum and brown paper between her seams, daubed her all over with pitch—and a pretty mess I made of the pitch; and then I painted her—and a pretty mess I made of the paint, I can tell you. However, there she was, something between a butter-tub and a butter-boat, and a washing-tub. But she floated, and I could carry her if she could not carry me.

All this I did in the out-house attached to our stable, and I worked early and late upon her without anybody knowing it but Sally Lunn, our housemaid, who kept my secret, because I kept hers; for she had a baker's boy that used to come; but I shan't tell you her secret, as I said I never would tell any one, and I never did, and never will.

Well, I got my boat all ready, and Sally lent me an old white apron for a sail, and a clothes-prop for a mast, and a broom-stick for a yard, and I had made myself a pair of sculls; and one fine morning, before anybody was up in the house but Sally, I put my boat over my head, and my sails and sculls under my arm, and away I trudged down to the water-side. I had looked at the tide every day while my boat was building, and knew it would be high water at six o'clock; and so before six o'clock I went down to the river, and put my boat on the water. She swam like a cork, and my heart felt lighter than all the corks in the world. My boat was a beauty.

So I got her close up to the river's bank, and got into her and sat down in her, and let her float away from the land; then got my paddles out; and although I had never rowed a boat, I soon got her out to the middle of the stream where the tide was. It was fast ebbing out, and away she went

with the ebb and my pulling; and I felt as happy as a young duck when it first takes to the water.

After I had enjoyed myself in this way for some time, and delighted myself with the new sensation of being in a boat, and enjoyed the beautiful sunlight of the river, I thought I might as well rest myself and have a sail. So I up with my clothes-prop and Sally's apron, and with her apron-strings for my sheet—that is the rope that holds the sail—I sailed down the river. “Oh lovely darling duck of a ‘Periwinkle!’” I cried in the ecstasy of my heart, “you are a beauty!” and I do believe I kissed her gunwale in very affection, although I very nearly capsized her in so doing.

Away we went, boat and I; she seemed to skim the water like a flying-fish; onwards—onwards she went. I passed several fishing-boats, and the old fishermen stood up and stared at me with astonishment as I passed them. Some waved their hats at me and said, “Bravo, youngster!” and this applause made me feel more and more delighted with myself. I really believe that I would not have had the Princess of Wales for my sister, nor the Prince himself for my brother-in-law at that moment. I felt above all sublunary grandeur—above the earth itself. I was a child of the ocean-wave. A young Neptune in his first go-cart.

All this feeling, and the beating of my heart, and the flush of my face, and my intense thirst seemed to overpower me. I hardly knew where I was going, or why I was going, or how quickly I was going. I flew before the wind towards the harbour's mouth; and all at once as I looked ahead, I heard a strange roaring, and saw a strange heap of foam, and some very odd-looking billows; presently the little 'Periwinkle' began to heave up and down, but she flew along like a bird. What were the blue-looking, frothy-looking, bubbling, rolling waters before me? It was the sea, the open sea!

We were at a place called Bowdsey Ferry, at the harbour's mouth, where the waters ran like a mill race, and the sea was just beyond it. I tried to stop the boat, but she would not stop—not she. Down went my sail, but she had got into the middle of the tide, wildly rushing out, and on she went. I tried to pull her to the shore, but she only turned round and round; and so hoisting and spinning and tossing and heaving and capering and bobbing up and down, she went right out to sea; and I began to squall most lustily.

But away she went. She passed over the bar—a long sand-bank that run out at the river's mouth, through such a squabble of froth and tipsy water as I never saw before; and then the waves were a little smoother, and she skimmed over

them with now and then a dreadful heave and roll which made me think she would turn up-side-down, but I kept close down in her centre, and putting my paddles out, tried to bring her towards the shore ; but it was no use.

While I was going along in this terrible plight I saw the men at the lighthouse, and made signs to them ; but they saw me not. I cried and bellowed, but the roaring of the sea beat me at that fun. I was getting scared ; and to scare me still more, two ugly old seagulls followed me behind, screaming and fluttering about as if they wanted me for their dinner : sometimes they would come close to the stern of the boat and make a peck at me, and one of them really did come and pull my cap off, and if I had not struck him with my oar, he perhaps would have pulled my head off.

What was I to do ? Here was I in the middle of the wide, wide sea ; so far from land that the people walking on the shore looked no bigger than mice, and the trees like shrubs in a flower-pot. I, in my little boat, only four feet long by two broad, must have looked about as big as a pin's head. And here was I, a pin's head of a boy, out alone in a butter-tub, or something like it, on the open sea.

After I had cried all my tears away, I determined to be patient, and as I could do nothing for myself, to let fate or fortune do something for

me ; but the worst of it was, as soon as my excitement went off, I felt a sensation very different indeed from any I had ever felt before. My head swam, my stomach seemed to be turning itself head-over-heels, like the clown in the pantomime, and I—

Oh dear me, you must guess what I did, for I can't explain it; but I felt ready for death. The sea, and the fright, and the seagulls, they were nothing, although I saw them following the boat. They screamed and dashed their great flapping wings over me. I saw no more, for I fainted.

When I came to myself, I found myself at the Ferry-house, amid a strong smell of brandy and tobacco. There was an old pilot, Tom Richardson, standing by me with the dram-bottle in his hand, and the moment I opened my eyes he poured a lot of it down my throat. This revived me, and I asked for my boat.

"She is gone to Davy Jones's locker," said Jack. I did not know what Davy Jones's locker was then; but I now know it means the bottom of the sea. I felt glad I was not there myself. The face my mamma made, and how my grandfather gloried in the boy's madness, I can't describe; but this was my first sea-adventure; and on some occasion or other I may tell you more; but for the present this must suffice

The Old Friend and the New.

My old friend, he was a good old friend,
And I thought, like a fool, his face to mend ;
I got another ; but ah ! to my cost,
I found him unlike the one I had lost !
I and my friend, we were bred together :
He had a smile like the summer weather ;
A kind, warm heart, and a hand as free :
My friend he was all the world to me !

I could sit with him and crack many a joke,
And talk of old times and the village folk ;
He had been with us at the Christmas time ;
He knew every tree that we used to climb ;
And where we played and what befel,
My dear old friend remembered well.
It did me good but to see his face ;
And I've put another friend in his place !
I wonder how such a thing could be,
For my old friend would not have slighted me !

Oh, my fine new friend, he is smooth and bland,
With a jewelled ring or two on his hand :
He visits my lord and my lady fair ;
He hums the last new opera air .
He takes not the children on his knee ;
My faithful hound reproacheth me,
For he snarls when my new friend draweth near,
But my good old friend to the brute was dear !
I wonder how I such a thing could do,
As change the old friend for the new !

My rare old friend, he read the plays
That were written in Master Shakspeare's days :
He found in them wit and moral good ;
My new friend thinks them coarse and rude :
And many a pleasant song he sung,
Because they were made when we were young ;
He was not too grand, not he, to know
The merry old songs made long ago.
He writ his name on the window-pane ;—
It was cracked by my new friend's riding-cane !

My good old friend "he tirmed at the pin,"
He opened the door and entered in ;
We all were glad to see his face
As he took at the fire his 'customed place,
And the little children, loud in glee,
They welcomed him as they welcome me.
He knew our grief, our joys he shared ;
There cannot be friend with him compared ;
We had tried him long, and found him true ;
Why changed I the old friend for the new ?

My new friend cometh in lordly state ;
He peals a startling ring at the gate ;
There's hurry and pomp, there's pride and din,
And my new friend bravely entereth in.
I bring out the noblest wines for cheer,
I make him a feast that costeth dear ;
But he knows not what in my heart lies deep ;
He may laugh with me, but never shall weep,
For there is no bond between us twain ;
And I sigh for my dear old friend again ;
And thus, too late, I bitterly rue
That I changed the old friend for the new !

April Fools.

Is there a London boy of the present time who has not received an invitation to see the lions washed in the Tower ditch? Is there a country boy who has not been sent for a pennyworth of pigeon's milk, or a ha'porth of stirrup-oil, or a hand's-length of cane, or for the "box" which his mamma gave to Sally? I suppose there is not—all have been fools in their time, and Old Peter Parley among the number, particularly on April the First. As I was walking very quietly along, thinking of things in general, a youngster came up to me, with a very polite bow, and said, "If you please, sir, there is something out of your pocket."—"Where, my dear?" said I, in reply, with that most benign smile I ever give to good little boys.—"There, sir." "What?"—"Your hand, sir. Ah, you April fool!" said he; and away he ran to have another peg-in-the-ring with his boxer. And I think he pegged it down in the very spirit of mischief, for I never heard such a twanging hum in my life.

Fifty years ago, when buckles were worn on shoes, a boy would meet me with—"Sir, if you please, your shoe is unbuckled;" and when I looked at my feet, the young urchin would say, "Ah, you April fool!" Twenty years ago, when "buckles" were gone, with much of the rubbish of the day, into the shadow of the past, the urchin's cry was, "Sir, your shoe is untied;" and if the shoe wearer lowered his eyes, he was hailed, as his buckled predecessor had been, with—"Ah, you April fool!" Now, when neither buckles nor strings, and no decent man has a shoe to his foot, for all decent people wear Wellingtons, side-springs, or Oxfords, or Alberts, the cry is, "Sir, there is something out of your pocket!—your hand, sir!" or "There is something on the side of your eye!—your nose, sir!" or "There is something on the top of your head!—your hat, sir!" or "There is a hole in your stocking!—where you put your leg through!" or "There is a hole in your coat!—your button-hole!" Oh, dear me! the old plans of doing people are very different to the new ones, in everything. In the former we have simple, broad, clear, unmistakable fibbing: in the latter, to show our intellectual superiority, we have fibbing and wit combined.

As every one knows that I write stories, and

histories, and biographies, it is no wonder that I received, last April the First, several applications for new books. One young gentleman wrote to me to ask me for my 'History of Eve's Grandmother;' another wanted the story of 'The Footless Stocking without a Leg;' another (and I am sure it was a very little boy) wrote to me to write a 'History of Folly,' in 999 million 999 thousand 999 volumes, large folio; and when it was finished he would take a copy for his great-great-great-great-grandson's great-great-great-great-grandson.

Certainly there is folly enough in the world, and a vast number of fools. I remember a story of a young man who came into a country town to "set up" himself as a surgeon. He dressed very smart, had a fine gold-handled whip, wore spectacles—although his eyesight was perfectly good—and sported a fine, dashing Brougham, with a splendid white horse and silver harness. I, in my innocence, put this young man down as a fool for his ridiculous expenditure; and one day, having known him from boyhood, I took occasion to speak in a gentle way to him, rather giving hints than regular advice; and I said, at last, "Besides," said I, thinking myself very clever, "every sensible person will see through your dash and tinsel: every wise and reasonable man

must put you down as a simpleton." The young man said nothing, but, taking me to the window, asked me to count the people as they passed by. I did so; and after a short time he came to me, and asked me how many I had counted. "Well," said I, "about a hundred." "And how many of them," quoth he, "would you put down as people of good sense and wisdom?"—"Oh, perhaps a dozen!" I replied. "Oh, very well!" said he; "you take the dozen, and give me the odd eighty-eight, and I shall be satisfied."

I looked very much like a fool at this, and slunk away, quite abashed, with a solemn reflection that the young surgeon was not such a very great fool after all, but that he was a real philosopher, and worthy of great respect. Why, the outside show, the white horse, the brougham, and the silver harness obtained him more patients than the highest talent would have got him. "The world is still deceived by ornament," said the poet three hundred years ago; and it is so still. The fools are in the majority, and beat us. And it will be so to the end of the chapter.

Yet I sometimes try to shoot Folly as she flies; and now and then I think I give her a bolt, or quarrel, or bullet, if you like, plump on the short ribs, which makes her reel again. But who can do much for the folly of childhood when the folly

of manhood can't be checked? It is folly to attempt it, I sometimes say to myself; yet somehow or other I am fool enough to go on.

I shall be even fool enough to tell you something about fools, both ancient and modern, if you will listen awhile, and to show you how necessary they were to our wise forefathers—sometimes to give them good advice, sometimes to keep them in good temper, and sometimes to make them laugh. First, there was the general domestic fool, such as our noblemen and others kept at their tables for sport and merriment; then there was the City, or Corporation fool—the Lord Mayor's fool, I suppose, which we often hear of, but never see, except when our Lord Mayor plays the character himself, which he has not done of late years, and less now than ever; then there was the tavern fool, a fellow kept at taverns to make the guests merry, and to talk nonsense; then there was the fool of the ancient mysteries; and some other meaner fools, which it is not necessary to mention.

Thus you will perceive that fools were found everywhere—professed fools, I mean—every-day fools are found everywhere still; but regularly-trained fools were to be found alike at the tavern or the palace. The Pope had his fool, and the innkeeper his. They excited the mirth of kings

and beggars. The hovel of the villain and the castle of the baron were alike enlivened by their jokes. The last person of the kind was, probably, Muckle John, the fool of Charles I. With the downfall of royalty came the downfall of fools; but for some time after kings, noblemen, and gentlemen encouraged persons of wit and humour to play the part of fools, down to poor Theodore Hook. And then the booksellers took them up; and we had "Tom Hood;" and we now have them as a galaxy in "Punch," "Fun," and the "Arrow."

A good idea may be formed of the general conduct of fools from a passage in a curious old tract, which I picked up through my old friend, Dr. Acton. It is entitled "Wit's Misery," 1590: quarto. It says: "Immoderate and disordinate joy becomes incorporate in the body of a jester. This fellow in person is comely, in apparel courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man. His study is to coin bitter jests, or to show antique notions, or to sing low sonnets and ballads. Give him a little wine in his head, and he is continually flaring and making of mouths. He laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house; leaps over tables and skips men's heads; trips up his companions' heels; burns sack with a candle; and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the

countrie. Feed him in his humour, and you shall have his heart. In mere kindness he will hug you in his arms, kiss you on the cheek, and say, 'I have got you, but don't mean to keep you;' and then to trip you up by the heels."

The garb of domestic fools about the time of Elizabeth and James I. was of two sorts. In the first the coat was motley, or parti-coloured, and attached to the body by a girdle, with bells at the skirts and elbows; the hose and breeches close, and frequently with a leg of different colour. A hood like a monk's covered the head entirely. It was sometimes adorned with asses' ears, or it terminated in the neck and head of a cock—a fashion as old as the fourteenth century. It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term "coxcomb" was afterwards applied to the silly upstart. The fool carried in his hand a sceptre or puppet: to this instrument was annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him, or with whom he was disposed to make sport: the form of it varied, and was often very droll. The fool's dagger was a thin piece of lath. Sometimes, in mimicry of a monk's crown, the fool had his head shaved; and one in the time of James I. had his made up like the triple crown of the Pope. The same fool pinned a fox's tail behind

him, and two little horns were made to peep under his tiara.

However, the fools by profession declined from the time I mentioned, and non-professional, or fools in their own right, seem to have increased ever since. There are so many foolish persons of all kinds and degrees in every business, trade, or profession, that folly is the order of the day, and the 1st of April may be said to last all the year round. Boys are fools who do not learn their lessons. Girls are foolish who do not take plenty of exercise in the open air. Schoolmasters are—no, you know what I mean when they crowd the brain with too much learned lumber. I might go on for a year at this rate—so I will leave fools to their folly, and hope, dear reader, you will learn to be sensible in your foolishness, and drink deeply at the fountain of wisdom and knowledge.



Buttercups and Daisies,

AND OTHER PRETTY FLOWERS.

Flowers sweet, flowers baptized with dew,
By the rosy hand of Morn :
Cowslips yellow, violets blue,
And buttercups and daisies too,
In spring time newly born,
In copse and dingle, dale and dell,
Each lovely lip has a tale to tell.

"TELL me then your stories, flowers of the upland meadow and the lowland mead. What have you to say, Dandelions, with your star-like rays shining out like little suns? Blue Bells, what have you to teach me? Wild Marigolds and Marsh Mallows, Star-worts and Ditch-worts, and all other sorts of worts; Crowfoots and Anemones, and Snowdrops and Crocuses, and Oxlips and Cowslips, what have you to say or sing, while your sweet scent comes and goes like the warbling of birds?

" Sweet Snowdrop, first in the glorious list, what hast thou to say for thyself, with thy meek white modest little head perking up above the snow? What hast thou to say to Old Peter Parley?"

"Well, Peter Parley, thou must consider that I am not under any concern to say much, and I should not like to say anything uncomely or heedlessly, or what was not founded clearly upon truth and goodness. I was once called the 'Fair Maid of February,' which was a name better becoming me than the term 'Snowdrop;' for a snowdrop is at times a very fearful thing, especially when it falls from the roofs of our houses into the streets below, crashing umbrellas, and beating in bonnets. I am, too, a flower of February, and would speak to thee upon meekness and purity, and gentleness and goodness—for of these things I have been called the emblem; and it would seem to me, according to the yearnings of my poor weak nature, that as we 'Maids of February' are among the first flowers that appear after the gloom and the darkness and the storms and tempests of the winter are past—it would seem to me, I would say, that we show forth that perennial innocence and purity that was first the state of man and woman; and that we would teach thee, Peter Parley, that humility and meekness, purity and peace, and love and gentleness, are the best qualities of the heart to begin the year with.

"Thou must recollect that when the north wind whistles, and the hard frost clothes the earth,

and the birds withhold their tuneful song, and the sealed waters refuse to flow, and the sun is obscured by fogs and mists and clouds, and the heart of man is sad, then it is, I suddenly come up through the snow-shroud, like one rising from the dead. Some say I am like the meek and gentle dove which Noah sent out of the ark to tell if the waters were assuaged; because they say Flora, the queen of flowers, brings me first up from my winter's sleep to ascertain whether the frost be mitigated, and to announce the speedy arrival of the tender-hearted spring.

"So the first blessing I'll give to thee:
Grave and meek may thou still be;
Like me—gentle, soft and mild—
To teach and train each little child;
For children all, like snowdrops, lie
Bare to the cold and stormy sky,
Like lambkins in the growing mead,
Ere they have learned to browse or feed.
Do thou, Peter Parley, a shepherd be
To little children who look to thee."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear little friend, you have touched my heart with your pretty song, and I will learn it by heart, and keep it close to my heart as a heart's-ease and amaranthine flower.

"Ah, ah! Mr. Dandelion, what do you do, perking up under my scraper? What do you do

there with your yellow rays and broad vulgar face? You seem as if you liked dirt, and cared not for your bed whether it be fair or foul. Get along with you, I shall take no notice of you, I assure you."

"Certainly not; nobody thinks anything of me. I know that; and I think but little of myself. I do not court gardens or parterres, but am quite content to grow by the way-side and under the eaves of houses, and round the ends of pig-sties, and among stones and rubbish, sometimes on dunghills. But I am contented, and He who gave odour and beauty to the rose, and grace to the lily, and loveliness to the dahlia, and dignity to the crown imperial, and glory to the sunflower, does not forget the poor old Dandelion. And you may learn something from me, Peter Parley, although I do grow under your door-scraper. You may learn from me to be contented, and not to think too much of yourself; you may learn also from me that although some people are very poor and mean and vile in the world's estimate, and are classed, as you would class me, with the dirt under your feet—yet they are God's children, and that their heavenly Father careth for them. And to show you that He does care for me in a peculiar manner, although you, Peter Parley, may not care much about me—come

to me by-and-by, and you will find that rather than I should be lost, or my family be not distributed among other flowers, He has given to all my seeds little wings to fly with, and they will all set off when the time comes like little men in little balloons, and wing their way into all parts, among rank dunghills and sweet meadows and fertile banks and stony places, and you will see me everywhere as a perpetual reminder of God's care and goodness. So you may put me, if you like, into the pocket-book of your memory, Peter Parley."

"My dear Dandelion," said I, and took her up from her lowly bed and kissed her; "I have done you great wrong in thinking so little of you. I feel the force of all you say; and now I look at you again, you really do seem to be a bright and beautiful little flower, well worthy a garden or a flower-pot, and you shall have one. I really did not know you could talk so well; and as for your preaching me, the great P. P., a sermon, I fear you have taken the conceit quite out of me; and so I will give you another sweet kiss, my dear little Dandelion."

"Ah, Daisy! how do you do? I hope you are quite well this morning? Why, I declare, your fringed eyelashes are red with weeping, and your sweet little eyes blind with tears! What

can be the matter with you, for you are, above all, the pet favourite of the sun, and of little children and old people, and strange, disagreeable people: all prefer to see you when you come in clusters, like ten thousand little eyes in the grassy mead, looking like constellations of bright stars on earth. What is the matter with your little winking eyes?"

"Well, I am not very happy; for a great big ugly man came yesterday with a great big ugly horse, and, what was worse, with a great big ugly roller, and rolled me over again and again, and flattened me, and spoilt my curls and bonnet and head-dress, and I fear, has destroyed my beauty; and as if that was not enough, he came this morning, the same great big ugly man, and the same great big ugly horse, and the same great big—Oh, no, worse than that—a great big scarifier made of bramble-bushes, and these he drew all over my poor dear face, which scratched it to pieces, and took off my eyebrows and eye-lashes, and tore my frills and ruffles, and it is enough to make any one cry, so it is; and the great big ugly man ought to be torn in pieces, that is what he ought!"

"Be comforted, my little one; although you are so hardly used, recollect that you bear this usage for the good of others: the big man, and the

big roller, and the big bushes, are all sent to you for your good, as troubles are sent to people in this world. There is nothing like putting a person down when he begins to be too uppish; it does them a deal of good. You are very apt to think too much of yourself, although you are naturally a meek, modest little darling enough; but you have been praised by two of the greatest of poets, Burns and Wordsworth, and they have, I am afraid, spoiled your temper, and made you fretful and distrustful; but you must not be sad. Your loveliness, though perhaps made a little too much of, will continue to interest and to amuse, and to charm all that love innocence and humble-mindedness; for though trampled under foot, be-rolled on and be-brambled,—

—— Centuries may come
And pass away into the silent tomb;
And still the child, hid in the coming time,
Shall smile and kiss thee in each distant clime;
When eighteen hundred years, our common date,
Grow many thousands in their marching state.
Yes, still the child, with pleasure in its eye,
Shall cry—the Daisy!—a familiar cry,
And hold its little feet up,—in short, fear
To break thee down, thou pretty little dear;
And run to pluck thee in the self-same state
As when time found thee at this infant date,
And put thee in her breast; or, in the gay
Pin show, exhibit thee for many a day."

Hark, hark! who is that singing so delight-

fully? A little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, meanly clad, but fresh in beauty, with her hands full of little blue posies, she looks like Flora's youngest daughter. What is it she sings so melodiously? Violets, violets—hark!

Violets! violets! beautiful blue violets!

Laden with perfume and dripping with dew;
By dell and by dingle, by rills and by rivulets,
Mother, I've sought them, I've sought them for you.

Enclosed in a cluster of green leaves I found them,
Hiding their heads from the gaze of the day;
Betrayed by the sweets they themselves shed around them
I culled the choice flowers and bore them away.

Slight not, oh! alight not, my shy little flower!
It seeks not to vie with the gay garden-rose:
Though humble the incense it brings to your bower—
Though its life be a short one, it is sweet to the close.

Violets! violets! beautiful blue violets!

Laden with perfume and dripping with dew;
From dell and from dingle, by rills and by rivulets,
Mother, at sunrise I sought them for you.

Beautiful little violet! That is a sweet song,
indeed—sweet as the violets—sweet and pure
as the affection of a little child for its mother.
Go into the woods, my little ones, cull the
violets, never mind the briars, every scratch
is a scratch of love. Gently pluck the violets—
gently carry them homewards: on gentle foot-

steps, with gentle looks, and with a gentle grace,
present them to her upon whose bosom you
once laid as a sweet little flower, drawing your
life's blood: you get your daily and hourly com-
fort from her—oh divine name—a mother!



A Comic Dissertation on Goats,

AND THE FREAKS OF MY BILLY-GOAT.

KEEP Goats—everybody that has a garden should keep goats—they are useful, playful, profitable, and interesting. Peter Parley has kept them all his life. He has now three such beauties: there is Nanny the mother, and Brownie, and Blackie. The two latter were born about this time last year, and are now ready and fit for anything.

It is a delightful thing to see a goat, saddled and bridled, as I have seen them in Wales, and little four-year-old boys riding on their backs as gaily as they would on the backs of ponies. The saddled goat seems proud of his harness and his burden, and trots away so pleasantly, and yet so safely, as to be quite enchanting.

I shall, therefore, have a little say, or parley, about goats.

It is now more than twenty years ago since I began to keep goats. But having often admired them at watering-places, and having seen some of their uses in Wales and in foreign countries, I determined to make a trial of them. But how was

I to obtain one. I made inquiry of the boys that I saw leading them about, but they didn't know. One lad told me he thought his mother "cotched" them when they were going in the country; another said he thought they grew in stables; and a third, that he supposed they were different sorts of sheep. At last I asked a woman that I saw milking one—there is nothing like asking a woman if you want real information—and she said, "If you want a goat, sir, the best thing you can do is to go into Smiffield-market about three o'clock on a Friday afternoon, and you will see *oceans* of them among the donkeys."

Smiffield-market—that meant Smithfield-market: so I went, exactly at three o'clock one Friday afternoon. The bullocks, and cows, and horses, were fast fading away—I met them by scores coming along Giltspur-street; and plenty of drovers with their hats flapping over their eyes, with thick ash-sticks, and badged arms and blue noses, and thick high-lows, with their dogs behind them, watching intently every movement of the blue-nosed and wide-mouthed master, and dashing at his dulcet voice over the backs of the sheep, or under the tails of the bullocks.

I got through all this, up to the knees in mud, large heaps of which had been drawn up in situations where you had a sure chance of stepping into

it: up to the knees I went, more than once, in trying to get out of the way of the bullocks; but I trotted on, and at last came to a stand-still, being almost surrounded by dogs, drovers, and various kinds of cattle.

As I had an English tongue in my head, I thought the best thing I could do was to use it. So I said to two drovers who rather impeded my path, and with a very kind-toned voice, "Will you please, gentlemen, to tell me where I shall meet with a goat?"

One of the drovers looked at me with a most comical leer, and winking his eye at the other, at the same time putting his tongue against his cheek, called out, "Here, Jim, here's an old gent wants a billy-goat to ride on!"

So Jim called out at the top of his voice, which might have been heard all over the market, "Here's a young gent wants a billy-goat to ride on!" The note was taken up, and for a time nothing was heard but, "Here's a gent wants a billy-goat!—here's a gent wants to ride a billy-goat!—Who has got a billy-goat to chop for a donkey?"

I thought this rather uncivil, but seeing a respectable-looking man with a green velvet coat on, with cord-breeches and jack-boots, and a red waistcoat covered with fine flower-work, I went

up to him, and said, "Sir, will you be so good as to tell me the quarter at which the goats are to be sold?"

"Sartinee," he replied, and pointing with his finger to the west side of the market, he said, "There you will find them, as thick as plums in a Christmas pudding."

So I got through the crowd as well as I could towards the place indicated by the finger of my informant. As I approached it, I soon found, both from the evidence of my ears as well as my eyes, that I was in the Pig-market. There they were penned up, hundreds of them—fat and lean, black and white, lank and podgy, old and young—some struggling in the straw like ells, and whisking about to and fro at the playful touch of little boys' whips, who seemed in the height of their glory when they tickled up the young swine. Squeaking, grunting, and screaming were in high chorus when I got there, so that I hardly knew what I was about. I looked here, there, and everywhere, but could see no goats or anything in the shape of them, and I did not like to make inquiries, for fear I should be served at that end of the market the same as I had been at the other.

So I kept poking about among the pig-pens, and got many a cut over the eye with a whip-thong. Frequently was I asked, "Are you looking out for

a pig, sir?" One man asked me how I was off for pork; another, whether I was not the parson looking out for a tithe-pig. At last some saucy fellow set this idea afloat, and nothing was heard from one side of that part of the market to the other but, "Here's the parson come for the tithe-pig!"

"Let's tickle him with the tithe-pig's tail," said a low fellow, with a jaunty hat on, and presently I felt one of those willow-like hanging-looking whips about my ears, with a pretty sharp pinch; then another, and then a third. Just at this time the gentleman in the red waistcoat and jack-boots came up, and in a commiserating tone said, "Leave the gentleman alone; he doesn't want pigs. He is a Welsh gentleman looking out for a billy-goat, to ride down to Windsor to see the Queen!" You can't imagine what a laugh this occasioned at my expense; but as I always make up my mind to be very good-tempered when I go into a crowd, I laughed as heartily as any of the by-standers. When they saw me laughing, one said, "Ah, he is a jolly good fellow, and don't mind a joke, therefore, let the gent go."

So the gent went, and determined to shoot down Cow-lane as rapidly as possible; but, just as I got to the corner of that peculiarly elegant street, a little boy came running up to me and said, in a

very modest manner, "If you please, sir, are you looking for a goat?"

"I am, my little man," said I. He was a nice flaxen-haired little boy, with blue eyes, a little frill round his neck, very nicely plaited, and he had a white pinafore on.

"Then if you will go with me, sir, I will show you where they are. But you had better come round the side of the market, said he, or perhaps the drovers will make fun of you."

So I followed my little guide, and he brought me to that part of the market next to Long-lane; and there I saw the most extraordinary goings on. It was the mart for the donkeys, the sale of which always commenced after that of the bullocks and horses had concluded.

Such an assemblage of "roughs" I never saw before. Many of them were without hats; many had short pipes in their mouths; dirty faces, begrimed hands, torn garments; some riding on donkeys at a furious rate, being whipped from behind by a score or two of whips, held for the most part by little dirty ragged urchins of boys who seemed to be in the height of their glory at making the donkeys go through the trial of speed required both by seller and purchaser.

And there was a very pretty sprinkling of chimney-sweepers in this motley assembly, with their

ebony forms and bright brass-plates glaring through the soot. And really to see these lads ride the donkeys under pretence of trying them, and to see the donkeys kick and throw them head-over-heels into the hasty-pudding-like mud heaps, which seemed laid around as if to break their falls, was the drollest thing I ever saw in my life.

"But where are the goats, my little man," said I. "Up this corner, sir," he rejoined. And so I looked, and there, sure enough, just in the corner of the market, stood a lad with a beautiful Nanny Goat, and a dear little kid, not more than a month old.

"How much for the goat and the young one?" said I, anxious to secure it and be off. "Two pounds," said the boy; and thinking it necessary to show off the goats as the men did the horses and the donkeys, he began to whip the poor thing over the feet and back to make her lively.

"Hold, hold!" said I. "That will do. Now bring the goat to the railway and I will pay you for her. Follow me. And as to you, little boy, here is a shilling for you."

"Thank you, sir," said the little boy, and crept under the railings into the roadway; and I saw him as I passed by on my way to the railroad, eating hot cockles at one of the stalls, as if he had not had any food for a week.

There was a great difficulty in getting Nanny and her kid to the station, and so to save further trouble, I hired a cab, paid the boy, put the goats on the box-seat, and away we went, I and two goats, in a cab.

When we arrived at the terminus, the station-master there paid me the greatest attention, and he handed out the goats as politely as if they had been two ladies. This was the way I purchased my first goats. How I got on with them I will tell you in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER II.

More Goat Adventures Billy—The Church Wonder—The Fire-engine, and the School-boys.

THAT darling goat that I went through so much to obtain was a beauty. Her kid was weaned in a month after I bought her, and she gave me a pint and a half of milk night and morning for a year and a half, and delicious milk it was. I really think it used to give me an extra flow of spirits; for I felt as if I could jump and caper over everything after I began to drink it.

But the pleasure of seeing the nimble little kid jump about! He was a Billy, I am sorry to say.

No milk from him, nor ever likely to be. As he grew up into goat's estate from his frisky kidcom, he became a great deal too much for me, and for the boy that looked after him. He was well fed; got as fat as butter; his horns grew out quite formidable; and he felt, I suppose, as a goat ought to feel, and was very saucy and independent.

To see him leap! I really thought he would fly up into the moon sometimes. Whether the man and his dog—which every one who knows anything about astronomy can see there—kept him from making the attempt I do not know; but this I do know, that a six-foot wall was nothing to Billy. He would go over it as clean as a young stag, and alight on his feet in the field on the other side, and begin grazing without waiting to look behind or shake himself.

Sometimes Billy would amuse himself by getting up the old walnut-tree at the end of my garden, and there he would stand on one of the big limbs of the tree sniffing up the air and looking so comical as to make me laugh most heartily. On one occasion I lost him for a long time. He was not in his penfold, nor in the meadow, nor by the side of the river, nor up the Drift-way, nor in the Warple-way, nor any other way. We thought he was gone for ever and almost gave him up for lost.

But walking down the street in our town the next morning, wondering what had become of Billy, where should I see him but on the narrow ridge of a malt-house, balancing himself with wonderful agility, and looking round him with extreme satisfaction! As soon as he saw me he began to bleat. I tried to entice him down, and went to the back of the office, from a ledge of which Billy had ascended to the roof. No; down he would not come. It was no use to hold out carrots, or corn, or even gingerbread, of which he was excessively fond. He laughed at it, and danced at it, and capered at it, and sneezed at it with a most gratified contempt.

A man came with a ladder and got on the roof of the "malting" to catch Billy; he moved very cautiously up in the hopes of catching him by the leg; but Billy would not stand that, and scampered to the farther end of the building, and backed up against a tall chimney. "Now I have got you," said the man; and so he moved very cautiously along the ridge towards Billy, intending to take him by the horns; but just as he was putting out his hands to lay hold of him, Billy set up his back, gave a sneeze and a butt—over went the man, head-and-heels upon the tiles, while Billy jumped right over him, and trotting along, leaped up another height of roofs, and away off to a stack

of warehouses in the rear, looking as pleased as Punch with his exploit.

Billy's antics in the town got wind, and all the boys of the National School, and those of the British and Foreign, too, rushed down to the place to see Peter Parley's billy-goat dance the tight-rope, as they called it. Billy got on to a most elevated position, being that of a large square chimney-stack, and there he stood stamping with his fore feet, and looking at the boys with an aspect of defiance. The boys hurrayed, which put up Billy's mettle, as his coat looked as rough as that of a wild Russian bear, and every now and then Billy gave a turn round with a nimble skip; then he danced, then he stood on his hind legs and came down with his fore feet plump, as is the way of goats, and the town was in a complete uproar. Billy, in short, made as much fun in it as a troupe of acrobats and monkeys usually does. Everybody stopped to see the goat; and the policemen called out "Move on" in vain; for nobody would move on, nor off.

Mr. Fitzfidget, the churchwarden, who thought himself the most important man in the parish, was most indignant at the mountebank tricks of Billy. He came to me with a face as red as that of a turkey-cock, and with a voice very much like the voice of that important bird. He was almost

choked with anger, and gobbled out, "Sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to cause this commotion in the town by your nasty brute of a goat. If you don't take him down, I will shoot him!"

"How am I to get him down?" I replied; "that is just what I want to do, my friend."—"Get him down?" said he, "that is easy enough. Stone him."

I could not bear the idea of poor Billy being made a martyr of in this way; and I said, "No."—"Then if you don't," said he, "I will find those who will." And so Mr. Fitzfidget turned to the hundred and fifty schoolboys, and said, "Stone him, boys!—stone him!"

But greatly to the glory, honour, and humanity of the boys, not one would lift up a stone against Billy; they all knew him as well as they knew each other, and delighted to have a game with him, and they would not have thrown a stone at Billy if they had been allowed the free use of all the empty sugar-casks in Mr. Fitzfidget's shop, and all the plums to boot. The only stones Billy might have had would have been the plum-stones.

What was to be done? "I will go to the magistrate," said Fitzfidget; and down he went to Mr. Slowstool, the magistrate, who was called

the great light in the little lantern. He stated his case, and the magistrate put on his wisdom-cap, and after much thinking and meditating and scratching behind his ear, said,—“I can do nothing for you. You had better go to the *High* Sheriff.” Billy being so high up in the world, he thought the High Sheriff could alone get him down.

Mr. Fitzfidget was in a towering rage, but said nothing. He went into his house and brought out his gun. “I’ll pepper him,” said he. “Pray do not,” said I. “You had better not,” said the boys. The churchwarden levelled his gun; but just at that moment a dead sparrow, thrown by one of the boys, hit him right on the mouth, and shook his aim, and at the moment he fired, down came such a storm of cabbage-stumps, mud, brick-bats, and other missiles as occasioned the valiant sportsman to run into his shop, as if all the ogres of the lower parts of the earth had been after him with red-hot three-pronged cheese-toasters.

At last my old gardener came to my aid. “I think, sir,” said he, “I know the way to tackle Master Billy. I think I can manage him.”—“If you will get him down, Richard,” said I, “you shall have a bottle of that rare currant-wine we made last summer.”—“I can do it, sir,” said he, “in a jiffy.” So away ran Richard, I wondering what was to happen next. Presently Richard

appeared with the magistrate's large garden-engine, almost as big as the small parish fire-engine. The boys hurried; they saw the idea at once. They rushed to the pump, the spout was levelled, the water began to play. Billy began to sneeze, to rise upon his hind legs, to stamp with his right foot, to butt, to dance, to caper; and as the stream played at him and over him in capital style, at last he began to run; but not till he was as wet as a drowned rat. "He knows where he is now," said Richard, "for he has had this dose before, and he is sure to run to his mammy. He can't stand wet any more than a cat."

And Billy did run to his mammy as quickly as possible; down from one roof up another, along these tilings, across that gutter, down and up, over walls and along walls, paved with broken glass, did he skip with wonderful precision, till at last he found his way home, and took up a position close under the maternal wing.

Great was the pleasure of the boys that Billy did not get shot, and great was the mortification of Mr. Fitzfidget that he did not. And happy, indeed, was Richard that night; for he made some of the currant-wine piping hot, and putting a toast in it, he enjoyed himself as every clever and honest fellow ought to do.

The next morning I asked him how he liked the wine?

"Oh, sir," said he, "it was first-rate! it went down to my very toes. But I dreamed of Billy; I could not forget Billy, sir."

"What did you dream?" said I.

"I dreamed," said Richard—who was a very sharp fellow in his way—I dreamed that it was Christmas-time, sir; and that Billy and I were cracking another bottle of that *stunning* currant-wine."

"And your dream shall come true," said I, "if we are all alive and well at Christmas." And we were, and the dream did come true.

CHAPTER III.

A Goat Catastrophe—Showing how Billy was trained to Harness, and how he behaved in it—How he captivated a Lady, and then capsize'd her.

THE fame of my goats was established all over the county, through the freaks of Billy, which were not confined to those I have here set down. At last, however, it was necessary to keep him under more control, especially as he had two sisters born, to whom it was not desirable to teach his pranks; for to have had to get down three goats from a chimney-stack would have been too much of a good thing. Billy had been put to harness by

our boy, who at first yoked him to the garden-roller in a rough way, and when he had thoroughly broken him in by means of this clumsy vehicle, he was harnessed to a child's cart, and made to draw the stones, and rubbish, and weeds about the lawn and garden; and as the boy always took care to feed Billy whenever he put him into harness, the goat thought that, somehow or other, the food and the garden-roller and the little cart went naturally together. So he always stood quietly to be harnessed, and did his work very well, and at last got fond of it, and would trip along with the little cart at a most rapid pace. This afforded us much amusement for a long time; but my boy Sam had an idea that a good stiff, strong, brave, fierce, eager gentleman of a goat like Billy, was born to something better in the world's history than to drag a roller, or a rubbish-cart, and set his wits to work how he might be advanced to some more dignified kind of drawing. Now it so happened that we had in our coach-house a little garden-chair, which had been used by my poor dear old aunt, who is now dead and gone—bless her memory for the nice little lozenges and barley-sugar, brandy-balls, and Buonaparte's-ribs she used to give me when I was a good boy, which I often was, without knowing it; but she, bless her old heart, could always discover

good qualities in me that nobody else could. Well, this old garden-chair, with its cushioned-seat, wheels, and other conveniences, seemed to Sam to be just the thing to advance Billy's fortune in the world, and so, secretly and slyly, he managed to put a little pair of shafts to it, and to harness Billy thereto ; and he brought them into the garden one morning equipped, and looking as fine and complete a turn-out as any goat-chair need be. Sam, seeing me laugh and look surprised, got into the chair, and taking the reins in one hand and a whip in the other, sent Billy round the garden at such a rate as was quite wonderful. Billy seemed equally delighted, and took to his new vehicle with a pride and satisfaction that would have done credit to any steed.

"If you please, sir," said Sam, "I was thinking, sir, that I might take Billy to market, or when I go of my errands to the next town, and when you send me out with the letters. I should go as quick again—three times or four times as quick—and it would give Billy regular exercise, which he wants, and ——".

"You would get plenty of riding, Master Sam," I interrupted.

"Yes, sir," said Sam ; "and then I should have more time to attend to the pony, and I should make his coat shine so that you would be able to

see your face in it, the same as I do your boots."

I could not help smiling again at Sam; and said, "Well, you shall try him some day."

So Sam did try him; and he went to perfection. Day after day he drove him to the town, and sometimes many miles into the country; and, as his harness was pretty good, and as Sam kept it in first-rate order, everybody admired Billy as he dashed along; and many thought that goats were almost as good as ponies, and a great deal better than donkeys—which they certainly are.

Now, it so happened that there was an old—no, not old—ladies are never old—but a maiden-lady, named Thrift, who lived in our town, who was under most distressing discomfiture. She was one of five sisters, all of whom had died, one after the other, and left her their money; so that she was quite rich: and as she got rich she began to eat a good deal, and to like stout, and port, and game, and pigeon-pies, and hot suppers, and a nice sofa, and a comfortable afternoon's nap, and a soft seat at church, and other comforts; the consequence of which was, that a very great change came over her personal appearance;—she began to get very stout. This was a most dreadful misfortune to her; and, for some weeks after she found herself proceeding in this way, she sat crying over the fire, and sleeping

after dinner, and comforting herself with a little more stout and port; so that she became stouter and portlier. So finding herself increasing out of all reasonable dimensions, she began to hate all thin, genteel-looking young ladies, and to speak all sorts of evil things against them, saying that Miss Jones certainly drank vinegar to make herself thin, for she had seen the vinegar-bottle go to the grocer's; and that Miss Brown laced herself so tightly, that she was squeezing herself into a consumption. Besides these very improper observations, Miss Thrift spoke very scandalously against all her female acquaintances—especially the young and pretty ones; and those that got married were dreadful creatures! But I shall not say much about these failings of hers, but go on with the story of her superabundance. She consulted her doctor about her uncomfortable feelings. He advised her to take exercise,—to get a hoop, a skipping-rope, or to walk. "But," said she, "I can't walk; I am too stout to walk."—"Then ride on horseback," said the doctor. "Mercy on me!" replied Miss Thrift, "I was never outside of a horse in my life!"—"Then ride in a chaise," said the doctor; "and take air, if you can't exercise; and fast—fast—fast: eat less! drink less! don't make yourself so comfortable, madam!"

"I will ride in a sedan," said the old lady: "will that do?"—"No," said the doctor, "that will make bad worse,—without you knock the bottom out, and walk and ride at the same time."

"Well, I will get a chaise of some sort. Is donkey-driving good exercise?" she inquired. "Donkey-riding is," said the doctor. "But I can't ride on a donkey,—and I won't: but I will—I know what I will do!"

So, saying no more, she sat down and wrote a note to me. She had seen Billy in his garden-chair, and she thought it would be just the thing for her. Would I lend her Billy and the chair? How I laughed when I read her letter! setting forth, as it did, her encumbrance; and how uncomfortable she was to herself. She would not injure my feelings by the offer of payment; but she would hand over a subscription to the Dispensary to any amount, if I would only oblige her with the loan of Billy and the garden-chair!

Well, she "wrung from me my slow leave," as Polonius says in 'Hamlet.' Billy was consigned to her tender care—and the drag also—and Miss Thrift was delighted. Billy was fed on corn, beans, carrots, hay, clover, and every kind of good thing, and kept for several days in the lady's stable, till he got as strong and fierce and wicked as it was possible for a goat to be. His very hair

looked like that of a bear, and his eyes glared terrifically when I got a glimpse of him one day.

Thinks I, "Miss Thrift will have some difficulty to keep you in the middle of the road when you go out, young fellow :"—and so she had, as you will hear in the sequel.

Miss Thrift's first appearance in her goat-chair was on a market-day. She did not live in the town, but a little way out of it. Sam went up to her house, harnessed Billy, and saw the stout lady quietly and safely seated. Miss Thrift wished to go out in style, and, during the time Billy had been shut up with the beans, carrots, and clover, a bran-new set of harness had been made for him, with red, white, and blue, rosettes. The chair had been well stuffed—like Billy—and painted and varnished, and padded, and was as genteel a turn-out as you can imagine.

"You keep hold of the chair behind," said the lady to Sam, as she took the reins and flourished the whip. "Yes, ma'am," said Sam. "Let him go off gently, ma'am," added Sam ; "and don't touch him up too much."—"Oh, never fear me," replied Miss Thrift ; "I am used to driving." So off she set.

Billy found some difference between the weight of Miss Thrift and Sam—it was ten stone to six ; but as he was fed up to fourteen stone,

he did not seem to care much about it; and off he trotted in the best temper imaginable. "Beautiful! lovely! delightful! charming! delicious! captivating! enchanting! divine!" ejaculated the little stout lady.

"Go on, ma'am!" said Sam; "touch him up when you come to the hill."

So, when they came to a little rise in the ground that Sam called a hill, Miss Thrift gave Billy a little cut behind. But the lannier of the whip—a new one—being well knotted with whipcord, flew round Billy to the tenderest part of his flank, and made him wince and sneeze, and shake his head, and riggle about, and prance, and stand up on his hind-legs in the most provoking fashion. "Gently, ma'am!" said Sam.—"Why I *am* gentle," replied Miss Thrift, in a choked voice, half angry and half frightened. "Don't hit him underneath; he won't stand that," said Sam. "Don't hit him behind, ma'am; he won't bear it. Don't hit him on the head, ma'am; he won't have that! Don't chuck the reins like that, ma'am; he'll come over on his back and smother you!" Sam was all this time laughing with all his might, in the midst of which Billy, finding it of little use to plunge about, started off—like a comet or a runaway engine, or a meteor, or a flash of lightning. Sam, who did not expect this sudden energy on the

part of Master Billy, was jerked forward and fell on his face in the mud, his nose at the same time coming down like a pick axe upon a stone, causing a liquid, which certainly was *not* water, to flow copiously therefrom; and I assure you that when Sam picked himself up, he had anything but laughter in his eye.

Away went Billy and the lady, at a speed such as a goat in a chaise never went before or since.

Poor Miss Thrift! She was so stout, and stuck so fast in the chair, that she could not fall out; but her bonnet was carried away, like the gaff topsail of a cutter in a squall, and with it Miss Thrift's best natural array of artificial curls; and her eyeglass was dashing madly about, and her crochet-collar hung by one pin, fluttering in the air like a little flag. Away went Billy; up the hill, along the high road, making for home with all the speed which he had concentrated in him with four days' high feeding.

The hunters and a pack of hounds were passing through the streets to a turn-out in the neighbourhood. Billy dashed through them. The huntsman blew his horn; the dogs made various snaps at Billy, and let tongue in a perfect roar of yells and yelpings. But never mind; he got through them safely. The reins had fallen from Miss Thrift's hands, and she was deadly pale. She

held up her parasol, and cried out, "Stop him! stop him! stop him!" But on went Billy, through a drove of pigs going to market; he scattered them on each side like foam of the sea, ran over a few, and set the whole squeaking. At last Billy met a crockery-ware barrow, full of pots, pans, jugs, tea-cups and tea-saucers, mats, brooms, brushes, and such matters. He dashed right into it without remorse; capsized it; and upset himself, Miss Thrift, and the vehicle at the same time; and then nothing was to be seen but a conglomeration of baking-dishes, teapots, plates, egg-cups, saucers and salts, pigs, dogs, sheep,—and Miss Thrift lying on her back in the midst of them!

A dozen people came to the rescue. Miss Thrift was taken into the nearest doctor's shop; Billy's traces were cut, to disentangle him from the crockery, and away he bolted. "Home—home, sweet home," Billy would have sung; "There is no place like home!" And to regain that enviable spot, he leaped clean over the stable-gates, and the spikes on the top of them, and came down cut and racked with the crockery, with a large washhand-basin stuck on the top of his horns, like a helmet.

Miss Thrift was taken home, considerably frightened but little hurt. Shortly after I thought it prudent to give Billy his "ticket-of-leave," and he departed for other scenes and pastures new.

Day Flowers and Night Flowers,

AND FLOWERS OF ALL HUE.

FLOWERS again!—it is impossible to leave them. They cling to us, and we to them; for what are men, or women, or children but flowers?—born to rejoice in a little sunshine; a few tears and sorrow; a little storm and tempest; a little more sunshine, a few more tears,—and then to fade and to die!

Flowers are the joy of the shrubs that bear them—the stars of the earth, and the alphabet of angels. They look beautiful, smell sweetly, and the plants that bear them cure our diseases and administer to our pleasures. They teach religion, also; they are full of teachings, and morals, and sentiments. They are light to our eyes, and dispensers of goodness to the spirit; for who can look on a beautiful flower and feel grave or wicked?

Oh, how children love them!—how they bound about in the flowery meadows, like young fawns! They gather all they come near; they sit among them, and sort them; sing over them, kiss them,

and play with them. They hunt them out in shady lanes, in thickets, in dingles, in ditches; and their eyes sparkle with delight as they bring them from the fields.

Let us rove a little longer, then, hand-in-hand with flowers; let us twine garlands for our brows; let us link ourselves together with daisy or dandelion chains. The early Greeks scattered them in the porticoes of their temples; and with them adorned the altars, and decorated the statues of their gods. They strewed them in the victor's path, and wore them at banquets and festivals.

Garlands of every hue and every scent,
From valleys green or mountains rent,
In baskets of bright gold we're brought,
And glory wreaths to the gods are wrought.

And well they might; for everything in man seems to find a likeness in flowers. The bud of infancy; the half-expanded flowers of youth; the perfect bloom of the meridian of life; and the drooping leaves of closing existence,—are in them both seen and noted. The flower-month of April must be drawn as a youth with a sweet and laughing countenance, clad in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodils, hawthorns, and blue-bells; upon his head a garland of white and red roses; while his feet should be spangled with golden buttercups and silver daisies.

And who are they that come to greet this lovely youth? First comes the modest lily-of-the-valley.

"Sweet flower of the valley, wi' blossoms of snow,
And green leaves that keep the cold blast fra their
stems;
Bright emblem of innocence, thy beauties I lo'e,
Aboon the king's coronet circled wi' gema,
There's no tinsel about thee to make thee mair bright;
Sweet lily the loveliness a' is thine ain;
And thy bonny bells, dangling sae pure and sae light,
Proclaim thee the fairest of Flora's bright train."

"When blooms the lily-of-the-vale, then comes the nightingale"—so says the old proverb. Now imagine, my young friends, that you are, on a mild April evening, walking with Peter Parley across the meadows, hand-in-hand till you come to a beautiful quiet little valley, where all is tranquil and hushed; and when the day is dying, fancy yourself just in the tender sunset stooping among the young green leaves of plants, growing in remote and out-of-the-way corners, seeking for lilies-of-the-valley; and while you are so engaged, that the moon rises gently and softly in the eastern horizon, throwing a flood of softest silver light over the whole scene, at the same time the joyous nightingale breaks out with her evening hymn to this virgin little flower: would this not be equal to rushing through the shopped streets, or bedizened ball-rooms, or stately halls, or the many

fine sights of cities? Indeed it would. And this naiad-like lily-of-the-vaie, whose tremulous bells are seen through their pavilions of tender green, would think so too,—could she think at all, which one might fancy they sometimes do. At all events, every innocent and goodly little maiden, whether she be a homely Bridget, clad in russet brown, or a fashionable belle, dressed in laces and satins, would emulate the lily-of-the-valley and enjoy the moonlight, the quietude, and the nightingale's sweet song.

My old friend, Bernard Barton, has a good deal to say of flowers in his quaint, quiet, unobtrusive way. And he says that there is a flower at the Cape, which, in its natural state, remains in its calyx all the day invisible. In the evening it expands its corolla, and sheds a delightful perfume till the rising of the sun; and he celebrates it in his nice quiet way, thus—

Fair flower of silent night,
Unto the bard an emblem thou should be :
His font of song, in hours of garish light,
Is closed like thee.

[Bernard Barton was a banker's clerk, and therefore had to work figures in the day-time.]

But, with the vesper hour,
Silence and solitude its depths unseal ;
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

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Were it not sweeter still
To give imagination to her scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope.

That as thy lovely bloom
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray.

So in life's dark decline,
When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may, like thy blossom, shine
Bright at the last.

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy floret, brave
Death's wintry night;

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay.

Thus, my young friends, you may observe that something may be made from flowers even in the night time.

But come, let us walk on by the little rivulet, or the tiny brook where waters gurgle and ripple over smooth stones and bright-eyed gravel, and where the minnow and stickleback lie half sleeping in the mouth of the stream, and dart like lightning the moment we approach them. The waters roll on, making a thousand pretty cascades, exactly similar to those of which we have read

so much—such as the Niagara Falls, the Stabbach Falls, the Falls of the Rhine, the Falls of the Rhone, or the Falls of the Clyde, but of course in miniature. If you watch any of these silvery waterfalls and fancy yourself miniature too—a little ant, or a water-spider, or water-beetle, or any other little land or water insect of tiny breed—these cataracts will seem equal to the finest found in mountainous countries. The principle that occasions them is exactly the same, whether they are mighty rivers falling over ledges of rocks a thousand feet high or over little sand-hills or pebbles: that principle is, that water will seek its own level—it seeks the lowest situation it can find, and at last, however small the rivulet or brook may be, it finds its way to the mighty sea.

Here, as we walk beside the little rill, we find it rolling on from little cascade to cascade—here a freshet—there a shallow—now a rapid; then a bend—now a turbulence—now a calm—a little lake is formed at one place, and then by an outlet of an inch or so, away runs again the mighty little stream, dashing against the pebbles at one place, rounding them gently at another, forming little bays and channels and promontories at every side, often under a long vault of verdure, till at last they open into the mighty plain of some extensive meadow, where they appear to the

enchanted eye as a long silver thread, beautifully winding. The northern bank of our little stream is here covered with a thick tapestry of mouse-ear, its pretty flowers sparkle in the sun, and they incline as if they took a delight in admiring themselves in the crystal waters. On such spots little children dream away their holiday afternoons, and celebrate their birthdays by dancing on the borders of the brook, and culling the pretty flowers that spring up on every side.

But what is this on the dry brook's side—the southern side where we see the painted butterfly and busy bee so industriously employed? Here, too, are flies of all shapes, and beetles of every colour, surrounding about the fragrant bunches of thyme. It may be that this lowly plant appears to these light-winged inhabitants of the air, whose short life ceases ere spring closes, as an immense tree, covered with eternal verdure, and as old as the earth itself, upon which these sparkling flowers are fixed like so many splendid vases filled with honey for their use alone. I have often thought it must be a delightful thing to be one of these little winged insects, and to be free to roam among the sweet flowers—to taste all or any at will—to fly around their blossoms—to penetrate into their sweets—to keep them and

love them day by day, and to dance around them in the bright warm and life-sustaining rays of the sun; and then at night to fold one's-self up in their soft downy leaves, and sleep amid perfumes till the morning.

But see! what little blossom is this, so simple and yet so pretty? It is that of the wild strawberry just peeping forth among the trailing brambles upon yon mossy bank. Do not crop it, for a poet has sanctified it for ever. Hear what he says :—

To pluck it,

That is a work of waste and ruin :

Do as Charles and I am doing.

Strawberry blossoms, one and all,

We must spare them. Here are many ;

Look at it,—the flower is small—

Small and low though fine as any.

Pull the primrose, sister Ann,

Pull as many as you can.

Here are daisies—take your fill—

Pansies, and the cuckoo flower

Of the lofty daffodil.

Make your garland and your bower—

Fill your lap and fill your bosom—

Only spare the strawberry blossom.

Primroses—the spring may love them,

Summer knows but little of them ;

Violets, a barren kind,

Withered on the ground must lie ;

Daisies leave no fruit behind.

God has given a kindlier power

To the little strawberry flower.

DAY FLOWERS AND NIGHT FLOWERS. 167

When the months of spring are fled,
Thither let us bend our walk
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower ;
For that promise—spare the flower.



Clock Flowers, Weather-glass Flowers, and Emblem Flowers.

ON hedge banks the wild gemændie of a fine azure blue is now conspicuous, and the whole surface of the meadows is covered with crowfoot, and various little flowers begin to open their eyes and look about them like infants gazing at the light. We would talk with them again and again, and shall now take a brief survey of their habits. They are clocks and watches, barometers and emblems to us—they will tell us of the time, and warn us of the weather, and teach us pretty morals and sentiments.

With regard to flower barometers, there are a great number of them that foretell the changes of the weather. The Chickweed is one of them. Mark it, when you see it, and you will find that when the flower expands boldly and fully, no rain will happen for four hours and upwards. If it continue in that open state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery, but if it entirely shuts up or veils the white flower with its

green mantle, let the traveller put on his great coat and let Miss look to her umbrella. Another indicator of rain is the Siberian Sowthistle. If the flowers of this plant remain open all night, rain will certainly follow the next day. The different species of trefoil contract their leaves at the approach of a storm, and these plants have been called the poor man's barometer, as well as the Chickweed.

The African Marigold is also another floral barometer. If this plant open not its petals in the morning before seven o'clock, you may be sure it will rain that day unless it thunders. The *Convulvulus*, also, and the Pimpernel, fold up their leaves on the approach of rain. Whitethorns and Dog-rose bushes indicate the seasons also. Wet summers are generally attended with an unusual number of seeds on these shrubs, whence their unusual fruitfulness is the sign of a severe winter.

Besides the above, there are several plants, especially those with compound yellow flowers, which nod, and, during the whole day, turn their flowers towards the sun—namely, to the east in the morning, to the south at noon, and to the west in the evening. This is very observable in the common Sunflower. The flowers of the Alpine Whitlow-grass, the bastard Feverfew, and the Wintergreen hang down in the night as if the plants were

asleep. One specie of Woodsorrel doubles up its leaves before storms and tempests, and in a serene sky unfolds them so that the husbandman can pretty clearly foretel tempests from it. It is also well known that the mountain Ebony plant and Cassia observe the same rules.

Besides affording prognostics, many plants also fold themselves up at particular hours with such regularity as to have acquired particular names from this property. The following are among the most remarkable plants of this description :—

Goatsbeard : the flowers of this plant open in the morning at the approach of the sun, and, without regard to the state of the weather, shut about noon. Thence it is generally known in the country by the name of Go-to-bed-at-noon. The Princess's Leaf, a singular flower of the Malay Islands, is a delicate shrub, and takes its common name from its being quite a ladies' flower. Its general or common name is the Four-o'clock-flower, from its quality of opening its flowers at four in the evening, and not closing them in the morning till the same hour returns, when they again expand in the evening at the same hour. The evening Primrose, so common now in our gardens, is well known from its property of regularly shutting with a loud popping noise about sunset in the evening, and opening at sun-rise in the morning. The flower of

the common garden Lettuce opens at seven o'clock and shuts at ten. The common Dandelion possesses very peculiar means of sheltering itself from the heat of the sun, as it closes entirely when the heat becomes excessive. It has been observed to open in summer at half an hour after five in the morning, and to collect its petals towards the centre about nine o'clock.

Linnaeus has enumerated forty-six flowers which possess this kind of sensibility. 1. Meteorologic flowers, which less accurately observe the hour of folding, but are expanded sooner or later according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere. 2. Tropical flowers, that open in the morning and close before evening every day, but the hour of their expanding becomes earlier or later as the length of the day increases or decreases. 3. Equinoctial flowers, which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate hour.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's ray.

That had each moment its own rich hue
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told,
Those days of song and dreams,
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So on these isles of delight that rest,
Nor often a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary guest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life in its real flight
Marked thus in this changeful earth,
By the closing of one's hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve!

MRS. HEMANS.

Linnaeus, in composing his "Horologium Floræ," or Floral Clock, carefully noticed this quality in plants, and the last he gives in his "Philosophia Botanica," only valuable to us in giving the names of plants which open and close at stated periods, as the time given is for the meridian of Upsal; and we must, therefore, in order to form one for Britain, make our own observations. Here is a list of twenty-four, all of which may be easily procured,

and of which our young readers may form for themselves a botanical clock.

DIAL OF FLOWERS.

| ENGLISH NAME. | | LATIN NAME. | |
|--------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------------|-------|
| (Time of Opening.) | h. m. | (Time of Closing.) | h. m. |
| Yellow Goat's-beard . . . | 3 5 | <i>Helmenthia echinoides</i> . . . | 12 0 |
| Late-flowering Dandelion . . . | 4 9 | <i>Agathyrus Alpinus</i> . . . | 12 0 |
| Bristly Helmenthia . . . | 4 5 | <i>Borkhausia Alpinus</i> . . . | 12 1 |
| Alpine Borkhausia . . . | 4 5 | <i>Leontodon serotinus</i> . . . | 12 0 |
| Wild Succory . . . | 4 5 | <i>Mulva caroliniana</i> . . . | 10 1 |
| Naked stalked Poppy . . . | 5 0 | <i>Dianthus prolifer</i> . . . | 1 0 |
| Copper-coloured Lily . . . | 5 0 | <i>Hieracium pilosella</i> . . . | 2 0 |
| Smooth Sowthistle . . . | 5 0 | <i>Angalis arvensis</i> . . . | 2 3 |
| Alpine Agathyrus . . . | 5 0 | <i>Arenaria purpurea</i> . . . | 2 3 |
| Small-bird Weed . . . | 5 6 | <i>Calendula arvensis</i> . . . | 3 0 |
| Common Nettlewort . . . | 5 6 | <i>Tagetes erecta</i> . . . | 3 4 |
| Common Dandelion . . . | 5 6 | <i>Convolvulus arvensis</i> . . . | 4 5 |
| Spotted Achyrophorus . . . | 6 7 | <i>Achyrophorus maculatus</i> . . . | 4 5 |
| White Water Lily . . . | 7 0 | <i>Nymphaea Alba</i> . . . | 5 0 |
| Garden Lettuce . . . | 7 0 | <i>Papaver nudicaule</i> . . . | 7 0 |
| African Marigold . . . | 7 0 | <i>Hemerocallis fulvis</i> . . . | 7 8 |
| Common Pimpernel . . . | 7 8 | <i>Clethrum lilybus</i> . . . | 8 9 |
| Moose-ear Hawkweed . . . | 8 0 | <i>Leontodon taraxicum</i> . . . | 8 9 |
| Proliferous Pink . . . | 8 0 | <i>Tragopodon pratensis</i> . . . | 9 10 |
| Field Marigold . . . | 9 0 | <i>Stellaria media</i> . . . | 9 10 |
| Purple Sandwort . . . | 9 10 | <i>Lapsana communis</i> . . . | 10 0 |
| Small Purslane . . . | 9 10 | <i>Lactuca saliva</i> . . . | 10 0 |
| Creeping Mallow . . . | 9 10 | <i>Sonchus oleria</i> . . . | 11 12 |
| Buckweed . . . | 9 10 | <i>Portulaca clarea</i> . . . | 11 12 |

Thus, in each flower and simple bell
That in our path betrodde lie,
Are sweet remembrances which tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

The French, who are the most sentimental people in the world, have long associated flowers with the moral sentiments and feelings of the heart. Madame de la Tour published "Le Language des

"Fleurs" many years ago, which was, I believe, the first "Language of Flowers" ever published; but even this publication had its origin in Persia; for—

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden-bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is the sign of Joy and Love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn,
And the mildness that waits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence dwells in the Lily's bell,
Pure as a heart in its native heaven :
Fame's bright star and glory swell
In the glossy leaf of the Bay is given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes,

The Cypress that darkly shades the grave
In sorrow that mourns its bitter lot,
And Faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in the sweet " Forget-me not."

The clay that so fondly clings
Around the slow-decaying tree,
Some thoughts of heavenly friendship brings
To him who hath faith's eye to see.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell me the wish of thy heart in flowers.

Yes, gather Roses for Love, Lilies for Purity, Violets for Humility, Primroses for Modesty, Sweetbriar for Simplicity, Balm for Comfort, Daisies for Innocence, the Ivy for Friendship, the Wallflower for Fidelity, the Yew for Gloom and Sorrow, and the Amaranth for Immortality, then find some one worthy to crown with your garland of flowers, and my wish is, that though the hoarfrost of adversity in your path through life be ever so keen, and the sun of your life be clouded with sorrow, may the Snowdrop, the herald of the Spring, come to offer you *consolation*—to show you that no circumstances are so dark as to be unsusceptible of relief.

——— Go abroad

Upon the paths of Nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar to the God
Who at the living waters shall be there.

WILLIS.



Story of Queen Eleanora of England.

DEAR reader, we will now have an historical tale, and it shall be about one famous in history, namely, Eleanora of Castile, the first queen of Edward I.

Edward I., as you very well know, was one of the most celebrated of our monarchs, and possessed in a large degree the manly and the kingly virtues. He was fond of all the robust sports of the period, especially jousting and tilting, and frequented tournaments day and night. He was a head and shoulders taller than the common race of men, and so strong that few could wield his battle-axe. His hair was dark, and his aspect grave and commanding; and it required a mind exactly like that of Eleanora's to manage him.

Eleanora was the only child of Ferdinand III. of Castile, and her mother was Joanna, Countess of Ponthieu. Eleanora, as the descendant of these persons, was heiress to Ponthieu and Aumale.

Edward and Eleanora were married at a very early age; and, in 1269, Prince Edward—for Edward had not yet come to the throne of England

—took up the cross and the Crusades; and so devoted was his beloved wife, that she determined to share with him all the fatigues and dangers of the campaign.

In vain did the ladies of the court represent to the heroic woman the hardships that ever attend on a crusade for death on the Asiatic coast, threatened by dangers of the deep, famine, pestilence, as well as the sword. The princess replied in words that well deserve to be noted:—"Nothing," said she, "ought to part those whom God has joined; and the way to heaven is as near, if not nearer, from Syria as from England, or my native Spain."

The prince with his consort arrived at Ptolemais in the spring of 1271, and made an expedition as far as Nazareth, where he put all the garrison to the sword—in mistaken zeal for the Redeemer of mankind, who told Peter to put up his sword into its sheath. He then engaged the infidel army, and defeated them with great slaughter; after which he returned to Cyprus, still attended by his faithful Eleanora.

There was for many years in Palestine an old man who bore the appellation of the "Old Man of the Mountain;" he was the head of a loose band of assassins.

The Emir of Joppa, who was the Saracen admiral, pretended that he was desirous of becom-

ing a Christian, and had sent a messenger several times to the prince. This envoy was one of the agents of the Old Man of the Mountain. He was introduced into the royal tent, bringing letters for the fifth time from the emir.

The prince was indisposed from the heat of the climate, and was lying on his bed, bareheaded, wearing only a white vest. The assassin gave him some letters to read, written on purpose to please the Christian prince. They were alone in the apartment, because the negotiation touched the life and honour of the admiral of Joppa; therefore secrecy was necessary.

The assassin pretended that he had another paper to deliver; but he drew out with it a poniard, and aimed a blow at the side of the prince as he lay exposed to his attack on the bed. Fortunately, Edward perceived the treachery, and suddenly raising his arm, received the blow upon it. The assassin endeavoured to repeat the stroke, but Edward felled him to the ground with a kick from his foot: he again returned to the attack, and Edward was wounded in the forehead; but, snatching up a stool, he dealt the wretch such a blow as levelled him with the earth, and then rushing upon him with his own dagger, despatched him at once.

Eleanora, as soon as she heard of this disaster

immediately rushed to the tent, and, fearing that the weapon might have been poisoned, applied her lips to the wound, so as to draw away the poison. The physicians afterward cut and cauterized the wound, and in a short time all danger was past.

Scarcely was the prince recovered from his wound, when Eleanora brought into the world an infant princess, who, from the place of her birth, was named Joanna of Acre.

The army of the prince soon became reduced by sickness, want, and desertion, and he determined to depart from Syria. Accordingly he accepted of a truce of the sultan, and returned to England, leaving behind him a reputation not inferior to that of his great uncle, Cœur de Lion.

King Edward (for his father had died during his sojourn abroad) landed at Dover on the 2nd of August, 1273, and was received in London with the utmost exultation.

At the coronation of Edward and Eleanora, preparations were made for the exercise of the most profuse hospitality. The whole areas of the palace yards, old and new, were filled with wooden buildings, to let out the smoke of cooking. Here for a whole fortnight were served public banquets to all comers.

But now Edward was at issue with Llewellyn,

the Welsh prince. He had taken his bride, and made her an honourable prisoner at Windsor, under the care of Eleanora; but Llewellyn at last did homage to the King of England, and obtained her release.

Merlin, a Welsh bard, had prophesied that a prince born in Wales should be the acknowledged king of the whole British island. Llewellyn thought this prophecy alluded to him, and again made war on Edward, was overthrown, and his head was placed by his rival on London Bridge, crowned with ivy.

To fulfil the prophecy of Merlin, in 1284, Edward carried his queen to the newly-built castle of Caernarvon. The entrance of this castle is very stately; beneath a noble tower on the front of which appears the statue of King Edward, finely carved from the life, sheathing his sword, as if desirous of reconciliation with his Welsh subjects.

To this mighty castle Edward brought Eleanora, a short time before the birth of her son. The Eagle Tower is a prodigious height from the ground, at the farthest end of the edifice, and could only be approached by a drawbridge supported on masses of opposing rock. A little dark den, built in the thickness of the wall, twelve feet by eight, without a fire-place, is still shown

as the spot where Edward II. was born, on the 25th of April, 1284.

Edward was at this time negotiating with the despairing Welsh chieftains, who implored him, as lord paramount, to appoint them a prince who was a native of their own country, and whose language was neither French nor Saxon, which they assured him they could not understand.

Edward told them he would immediately appoint them a prince who could neither speak English nor French. The Welsh chieftains, expecting he was a kinsman of their royal line, declared they would instantly accept him as their prince, if his character was void of reproach. Whereupon the king ordered his infant son to be brought in and presented to them, assuring the assembly that he could not speak a word either of English or French, and that, if they pleased, the first words he uttered should be Welsh.

Edward now made progress northward, for the humiliation of Scotland; but ere he had reached the Scottish borders the fatal news arrived that Eleanora, the faithful companion of his life, was lying ill of a dangerous fever, at Herdeley, near Grantham. The king immediately returned, full of affliction, but his beloved queen had expired before he could reach the spot.

The king followed her corpse during thirteen

days, in the progress of the royal funeral from Grantham to Westminster. At the end of every stage the royal bier rested, surrounded by its attendants, till it was presented by the ecclesiastics before the altar of the principal church. At every one of these places the royal mourner vowed to erect a cross in memory of his "chère reine," as he ever called his lost wife. Thirteen of these crosses once existed; and those of Northampton, Waltham, and Tottenham have been restored. The last place at which the hearse rested, previously to its admittance into Westminster Abbey, was at the spot now called Charing Cross, on the site of which the statue of King Charles I. is erected. It was called "Chère Reine Cross," and is now corrupted into Charing Cross.

Queen Eleanora is buried in Westminster Abbey, at the feet of her father-in-law. Her elegant statue, reclining on an altar-shaped tomb, is cast in bronze. Her countenance is smiling: the right hand holds a sceptre (now broken away), the left a crucifix. Her head is crowned with a magnificent circlet, from which her hair falls in elegant waves on her shoulders.

The king endowed the abbey of Westminster with many rich gifts, for dirges and masses. Wax-lights were perpetually burnt on her tomb

till extinguished by the Reformation; but the light of her character still lives to illuminate mankind—of more virtue than ten thousand tapers, reflecting the gorgeous brilliancy of the most costly shrine. For her memory will ever remain embalmed in the great heart of the English nation, as a noble woman and a faithful spouse.

NOTE.—The origin of Charing Cross, as here told, has recently been warmly disputed; but the question not having yet been settled, we adhere to the popular and romantic probability. A *facsimile* of "Old Chère Reine Cross" is being erected in front of the magnificent hotel of the South-Eastern Railway Company at Charing Cross.



Work in the Garden.

SPRING POSIES AND SUMMER FLOWERS, AUTUMN FRUITS
AND WINTER LEAVES.

WHAT girl or boy does not love a garden? Adam and Eve, who were never girl nor boy, first breathed the air of a garden. Old men—ay, and old women, too—love their gardens; and it is a delightful thing to see some good old housewife grubbing about the roots of her rue, her lavender, her rosemary, mint, thyme, sweet marjoram, basil, wormwood, and all the bitters, the sweets, or the aromatics which seem to beautify her age. But it is quite as sweet to behold children—fair, blooming, happy, delighted children—mingling with blossoms and buds and leaves, for they are themselves flowers of creation—pansies, snowdrops, violets, daisies, daffodils—all in motion, and happy is he that makes a bouquet of them.

I well remember the first patch of ground I had given me for a garden by my dear old grandfather. Long before I had watched the sprout-





"And noticing this ecstasy, my good old grandfather made me the proprietor of a garden, twelve feet by six."

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ing of onions in the stone closet, and that other
garages in the cellar with wonder and delight
I loved the sprouting bulbs as a gardener would
his rarest beauty, with a hard, long, odd, funny
nose. And it put me into a kind of formal ecstasy
one day, when I found that a bean had vegetated
itself in a little window-drink not quite water-
tight, and noticing this ecstasy, my good and
careful friend made me the proprietor of a garden
about the size of a six. I thought my friend
said that both spot of ground stands in the
process among the vegetables and
I don't know how it appeared to me
iron Adam.

[illegible]



Figure 1. The figure shows the
effect of the treatment on the
growth of the bacteria.

ing of onions in the stone closet, and that of the potatoes in the cellar with wonder and delight. I loved the sprouting bulbs as a florist would his rarest beauty, with a hard, long, odd, funny name. And it put me into a kind of floral ecstasy one day, when I found that a bean had vegetated of itself in a little window chink not quite watertight, and noticing this ecstasy, my good old grandfather made me the proprietor of a garden, twelve feet by six. I thought myself an emperor; and that little spot of ground stands out with a brightness among the recollections of my life, as Eden must have appeared to my original progenitor, Adam.

I hope my young readers have a garden. If they have not, I would advise them to try and get one immediately. It need not be very large; twelve feet by six is certainly too little, but twenty feet by twelve would be large enough for a boy or girl of ten to fifteen years old. Work in the garden is a capital relief to fun in the playground; and the beauty of it is, that you have always something to show for it.

Let me, therefore, show you, how you may work in the garden, my children. First, you must have a garden to work in, you know, and spring is the time to commence it. Let it be, therefore, in a nice open spot, where it is not

too much over-shadowed by trees ; indeed "much of tree in garden-ground ought but seldom to be found," as the old proverb hath it. Having found a convenient spot, you may proceed to lay it out; this you cannot do without tools. You must have your little spade, rake, and hoe ; you must have your garden-line, and a little dibber to plant with, and a little trowel to make holes with, and you cannot do very well without a watering-pot, a wheelbarrow, and a little garden-roller ; but you are not to ride on your roller, and thus waste your own time and that of the boy-horses that drag you. Play for the playground—good ; work for the garden—good also ; but they do not answer mixed. Mind that. So when you play, play with a hearty good-will—and when you work, work with a hearty good-will too.

The first work, then, to be done in a little garden is to lay out the ground. We will suppose you have your allotment staked off, fifteen feet in breadth and sixty feet in length. This will be a good-sized piece of ground to work in. The first thing you have to do is to strike a path down the middle. You must measure from each side to the centre very exactly, and then having found the exact centre, you must measure off a long strip, three feet wide, for a path. Having done this, you must, beginning at one end, dig all the mould

out of this space about two spits deep, and the mould you dig out is to be thrown into the beds on each side. Continue digging out till you get to the extreme length of your ground; and when you have thrown out all the light mould, you should next level the bottom of your path with the rake, and tread it well down with your feet. Having done this, then comes the time for wheelbarrow work. Take your spade on your shoulder and go to your barrow; put your spade in your barrow, and then trundle away to the gravel-heap; fill your barrow with the gravel, and then take it up and wheel it to your path; spread it thickly at the bottom, barrowful after barrowful, till the whole path is made from one end to the other; tread it down well with your feet; rake it quite level, and then, as a finisher, roll it well with your roller, and there is your path, bright and smooth and clean, and ready for service.

Now divide the beds on each side of this gravel-path into smaller beds by smaller paths; you need not put any gravel into these small paths, but take care to tread them down well. The beds should be just so big that you can reach into the middle of them every way without being forced to put your foot in them, for this spoils plants and seedlings. A piece of ground, sixty feet long, will give you ten such beds on either side

of your great gravel-path—in all twenty beds; each of these beds will be about five feet broad, and each of the little paths about one foot; so that you will have two feet and a half to stretch over when you are planting or weeding, which you will find just the thing.

Having laid out your garden in this way, the next thing is to plant it. I think you should have first a fruit-tree or two. I think you might have a cherry-tree at one of the bottom beds and a plum-tree at the other bottom bed. At the top you might have an apple-tree and a pear-tree opposite to them, and at the sides you might have a few gooseberry and currant-trees; but do not have any trees on the sides near your gravel-path—the whole of this, all the way down from the top to the bottom, should be for flowers. And mind that the small dwarf flowers are always to be planted nearest to the edge of the path, and mind, also, that the edge of the path should have a border of box, which you should plant at the time you dig your path out. How to do this you should learn from the gardener, but on no account should you omit it, as the neatness and order of your garden will very much depend upon your nice trim box-bordering.

What shall you grow? Well, I am coming to that presently. In such a nice piece of ground as

I have given you, I think you might grow anything in a common way. Each of your beds, you know, will be twelve feet broad and five feet long, and contain sixty feet of ground. Each of these beds would take two rows of peas, or two rows of beans, or two rows of spinach, or two rows of cabbages, for two feet and a half apart is good measure for most things that grow in rows. A bed, too, five feet by twelve, will be a good bed of onions, a good bed of parsnips, a good bed of carrots, a fair bed of turnips, all of which you may have at the proper seasons.

It is of little use for me to point out to you when this or that particular plant or crop should be put into the ground, as you can find that out much better by reading and studying any good gardener's book—and there are some very good ones to be had very cheap. I may, however, say a little to you about flowers and the sorts it will be best for you to have down your centre-walk—that is, on each side of the gravel-path.

I would not advise a beginner to worry himself about very rare or extraordinary plants—the good old plants, like the good old virtues of our forefathers, are far more worthy of cultivation. Give me Batchelors' Buttons, Daisies, Ragged Robbins, Wallflowers, Stocks, Pinks, Carnations, Canterbury-bells, Larkspurs, Rockets, Pansies,

Scabious, Lupins, Lily-of-the-valley, Columbines, Sweetwilliams, and such like, with the *bulbers*, as my gardener calls them. Tulips, Lilies, Crown Imperials, Hyacinths—blue, white, and red, Turks' Caps, Snowdrops, Crocuses, Gladiolus, Anemone, and the old Tuberose. I like also African and French Marigolds, China *oysters*, as our man calls them, and Cry *santer ems* (i.e. Chrysanthemums), as he will have them, and Hollyhocks, and Dahlias, and Convolvuluses, and Mignonette—the last for its scent, and not for its beauty.

All these may be planted in their proper seasons—some by roots, some by bulbs, some by offsets, some by seeds. Some require to be raised in little seed-beds, and to be protected by a glass-light—but all require care, attention, and humouring, for little flowers are like little children, and require to be kindly treated and gently handled. The seasons for their planting, and how to plant them, may be ascertained from any good and cheap book upon gardening, which no doubt your papa will buy for you.

Work, therefore, in the garden, my young friends: not you only, boys—but girls also—for there is nothing more delightful than gardening. Berlin-worsted fevers, and Irish 'crochet fevers, and glass-bugle fevers, and slipper fevers, and anti-macassar fevers, are nothing compared with the

glory and beauty of a sweet little garden in which we can breathe the odorous air, and drink in the glorious sunlight, and warm ourselves by hard work, the greatest blessing upon earth.

How delightful would it be for a young girl or boy—or a pair of them—to go, in the sweet summer time, when the sun is bright and the air is warm, to adorn the garden-walk ! To see the beautiful flowers—the rose, the queen of beauty—the lily, the queen of purity—with their lovely attendants all around their floral stall, and the gaudy tulips like fine-dressed footmen standing in “gorgeous array” beside them. Then to sit down in the little arbour where the meek-eyed jessamine plays with the opening rose-bud, and to hear the birds sing. This is indeed worth taking a little trouble for. But there are other joys: ’tis sweet to gather our own peas, to cut our own cabbages, to pull our own radishes, onions, and lettuce, and to say, “This was grown in my garden ; this was reared by my labour.” Then for the fruit—for the rosy apples, the luscious cherries, the mellow pears, the glowing peaches. Only to think of them makes one’s mouth water !

Let every youth and maiden, then, strive to get a garden. Let them study how to cultivate it, initiate themselves into the mysteries of hoeing and weeding plants, and transplanting, potting and un-

potting, grafting, and pruning. Were I at liberty to choose between a cow and a cherry-tree, I would choose a tree : a tree eats neither clover nor corn; it sucks up nourishment from its mother-earth as a babe milk; it receives warmth from the sun and freshness from the air, and shakes its hair in the storm. A cow might have the staggers, and the megrims, and I know not what; but a tree lives and bears its blossoms, and its birds'-nests, and its blessings, for us, and our children, and our children's children. I would say to you, my readers, as you grow up into men and women, encourage the growth of trees and religion : a tree planted brings forth, if it be a good tree, plenty of noble fruit, and piety has the promise of blessings here and hereafter. "Were I a young man over again, and had the prospect," says an old writer, "of a large family, for every child I would plant a tree. Each tree should bear the name of the child for which it was planted, William, Robert, or Matilda, and it should be the child's first and sole property. I should watch them as they increased in size and beauty, and in a few years I might see an urchin climbing up and gathering the interest of his capital."

At a little distance from Pawlosk, near St. Petersburg, is a country palace of the Imperial family of Russia : there is a grove, every tree in which

has been planted on the birth of one of the princes and princesses. A simple shield hung upon each tree, denotes the name of the individual for whom it was planted. The imperial family are accustomed to make frequent excursions to this truly sacred grove, where, beneath the shade of trees, a festival is solemnized by hearts knit together in the bonds of affection.



The Four Seasons.

SPRING.

COME, sweet ethereal SPRING, with skies of blue,
And branches glistening with the pearly dew ;
Thy sweet air breathing through the budding bowers—
Thy lights and shadows on the opening flowers—
Thy dancing streams and young leaves whispering say—
“Summer is coming soon : winter has passed away !”

SUMMER.

The glorious SUMMER's come : no more
We gaze on leafless trees and gardens drear—
Or listen to the deep and sullen roar
Of wintry winds : the sunshine and the flowers,
And happy looks of Nature, warm and clear,
And skies serene, and holidays, are ours.

AUTUMN.

With sheaves and laden boughs brown AUTUMN comes,
Bringing contentment in her smiling face. The day
Is hot with sunshine labour, and the night
Is merry with the joy of harvest-homes.
The year is almost ended : 'tis well to be so gay,—
Days darken, shadows lengthen—so pass our lives away.

WINTER.

Stern and dark and dismal as thou art,

Oh, WINTER, yet I love thee! Midst thy snows
I see the promise of a spring. Ere thou depart

The halo of a coming brightness o'er thee glows :
And, like the closing of a goodly life, thy day
Shines brighter through the gloom of Time's decay.



Stories of some Noble Deeds of Women.

If my young friends study history they will find that it abounds with instances of the heroism, devotion, and fortitude of women. To them dangers, difficulties, and death, are scarcely obstacles to the attainment of their desires. And I could relate a thousand stories of their conjugal affection, courage, benevolence, filial affection, loyalty, and patriotism; but I must content myself with relating two.

Maternal affection is the noblest attribute of woman, and is given to her by the Divine Author of Nature, for the protection of her offspring. Nothing is so strong as the sacred tie which binds a mother to her children: for them she is content to make the greatest sacrifices, esteeming life itself of trivial value when held in comparison with the welfare of such beloved objects. One of the most remarkable instances in illustration of this sentiment is related by Humboldt, in his travels to the equinoctial regions of the new continent, which I shall designate

THE MOTHER'S ROCK.

NEAR the confluence of the Alabapo and the Rio Jerni there is a great rock, which rises on the western bank, near the mouth of another river. It is called the Rock of the Guahiba Woman; or, the Mother's Rock (*Piedra de la Madre*).

"If," says Humboldt, "in these solitary scenes, man leaves behind him any traces of existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated, by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage and the barbarism of civilized man." But to my story :—

In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the mouth of the Rio Guaviare, in one of those hostile incursions which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found, in an Indian hut, a Guahiba mother, with her children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of the *Casava*. Resistance was impossible. The father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the Savannah when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to hunt men like the whites

do the negroes in Africa. Here the mother and her children were found, and dragged to the brink of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition the danger of which he did not partake. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her; for everything was permitted when they went to the conquests of souls; and it was children in particular they captured, in order to treat them as slaves of the Christians.

The prisoners were now carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day on which she had been carried off, the unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando; but the Indians never failed to seize her anew: and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed, alone, towards the missions of the Rio Negro, going up to the Alabapo.

Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but

she judged, by the direction of the sun, that she was removed further and further from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Alabapo. The current carried her to the shelf of a rock which bears her name to this day; she landed, and took shelter in the woods; but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back, stretched upon the same rock on which she had landed, and a cruel punishment inflicted on her. She was then again bound, and dragged to the mission of Savita.

She was there thrown into one of the caravanseries, which are called Casa del Rey. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Savita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other part was known than the neighbourhood of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one to the other, though they were only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children.

The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravansery; her arms being wounded, the In-

dians of Sorita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the Alcades. She succeeded, by the help of her teeth, in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night, and, at the fourth rising sun, was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where the children were confined.

"What the woman performed," added the missionary who gave this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly overcast with clouds, and the sun, during whole days, appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way, the inundations of the rivers forced her to go far beyond the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods, where the torrents of the waters is almost impassable."

This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days. She said that, exhausted by fatigue, she could find no other sustenance than those great black ants called "Vaohacos," which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests. And at last, after the most perilous adventures, she regained the spot of her beloved ones. But, alas! she was again caught, and cruelly separated from them, and sent to one of the missions of Upper

Oroonoka. There she died, refusing all kinds of nourishment, as savages often do when in great calamities.

VICTORIA COLONNA.

NEXT to the love of women to their children is their love to their husbands, which is called conjugal affection; and history furnishes a great number of instances of this virtue. One of the most remarkable is that which I am about to relate: viz., the story of Victoria Colonna.

Albert, Marquis de Colonna, was accused by one of the emissaries of the Inquisition of heresy and treason; and at the instigation of his uncle, Montalbert, who wished to ruin him, through private hatred, Colonna was seized and thrown into a dungeon, his château ransacked, and his wife and child dispossessed of their inheritance.

Colonna had been conveyed to the castle of St. Angelo; and this was all that could be ascertained respecting him. Whether he had been tried and convicted, with a punishment assigned, could not be learned. He was, in short, as dead to the world, and all his family and connections, as if he had suffered the usual lot of mortality; and as such occurrences were by no means uncom-

mon in the Italian States during the reign of papal tyranny, Colonna was speedily forgotten by all but his faithful wife, Victoria.

Although interdicted by the cruel laws of the Inquisition, and threatened with the denunciations of the spiritual pater (as all those were who showed any sympathy for heretics), Victoria traversed, nightly, the walls of the great citadel; sometimes wading up to her knees in the Tiber, when making the circuit of the towers and bastions, listening, in the midnight hour, for the slightest sigh or footfall that might reveal to her the cell in which her beloved husband was immured. But, for several months, all her efforts to discover it were unavailing. Yet, nothing daunted by want of success, and feeling no love of life but in her husband's company, the faithful woman still continued in the fond and anxious hope that Heaven would, at its fitting time, listen to her prayers, and that she should again be blessed with a sight of him so dear to her, or that she should, at least, become acquainted with his fate.

Nor were her hopes, in the end, disappointed; for early one morning, as she was finishing her accustomed nightly wanderings round the black and desolate pile, her attention was aroused, about the time of dawn, by the clattering of a chip of

tile from the battlements, which fell close to her feet. She immediately looked for the falling object, her quick hopes immediately surmising it to be some signal from the one she sought. Nor was she disappointed; the tile had been scratched upon with a nail, and on it was inscribed the names of Albert and Victoria. In a moment of rapture she pressed the tablet to her heart, fell on her knees, and offered her thanks to Heaven. She then turned her eyes towards the lofty towers, and again small fragments of stone were made to descend from a small grating, about half way towards the top. "Here then," she ejaculated, "is the cell of my beloved husband!" She was confirmed in her thoughts by observing the then delicate hand of Albert thrust through the narrow aperture of the iron bars; and the sight of it so affected her, that she fell down in a swoon, overpowered with hope, and love, and joy.

When she recovered she made the best of her way to her dwelling in the city, and immediately began to concert measures for his escape. But when she considered the height and thickness of the walls, the vigilance of the guards, the jealousy of the priesthood, the suspicions of her neighbours, and the espionage of the minions of the Inquisition, she almost despaired. Yet, as she fervently trusted in Heaven for aid, she deter-

mined to use every effort to accomplish her object, and sat down at once to consider the best means of doing so.

The first difficulty that presented itself was that of establishing a communication between herself and the prisoner. This the quickness of her mind immediately overcame—or, at least, fancied it could. She thought, that by raising a small paper kite by the side of the tower, its string might be easily made to pass over the grated aperture of the dungeon. But how was the prisoner to be made acquainted with the operation, which must necessarily be made in darkness, and at a time of night when every one is usually deeply slumbering.

Waving all difficulties, however, she determined to make the attempt on the following night. As soon as it was dark she put on the disguise of one of those miserable creatures who search and prowls about on the muddy banks of the river, to pick up the refuse of the city. The wind was fortunately fresh, as it was late in the month of October. She had not forgotten to provide herself with the fragile instrument upon which her hopes were built. It was a small paper kite, formed of oiled paper, stretched over two cross pieces of very fine whalebone; and for a string she employed the strongest silk she could procure. The kite

was, with some small difficulty, at length raised, and fluttered up at the sides of the tower. With great patience and ingenuity the indefatigable wife brought it close against the grating from which the tile had been thrown. The wind caused it to flutter and beat against the bars. It aroused the prisoner. He put his hand forth, like Noah, to take in the dove of Hope, and succeeded.

Although all was dark, yet the expectant prisoner had light enough in his own thoughts to see that this was the part of some plan for his deliverance; and he could attribute it to no one but to her whom he knew to be attached to him in life or death. Finding, therefore, the string still held below, he gave it several tugs. This was felt by Victoria, who, overjoyed beyond measure, fastened a note to its extremity, explaining her plan for his escape, and promising, on the next night, by the same means, to make another communication; and having so far succeeded, she withdrew.

I need not attempt to describe the feverish anxiety of the following day to both the prisoner and his wife. To Victoria, as well as to Albert, it was an age in length. At last, however, the night did arrive, and at the accustomed hour Victoria again raised her little kite; and by this

means established a communication as before; and through its instrumentality she supplied the prisoner with paper and pencil, to communicate his wishes and desires.

On the next night Albert prepared an account of all that had befallen him since the period of his arrest; that he had been three times examined before the Inquisition, and exhorted to confess; that he expected daily to be again summoned; and that he had been threatened to be put to *the question*; which means to be put to the *torture*. He also begged of her to make herself well acquainted with the plan of the prison, its avenues, passages, and character of its keepers; and, if possible, to obtain an admission within the walls.

This latter suggestion Victoria immediately saw the propriety of, and, on the following day, she disguised herself as a Moorish fruit-seller, and, with a basket of vegetables on her head, and her little daughter by her side, disguised also in the same manner, got admittance to the outer wards of the castle; and, while disposing of her fruit to the governor and his dependents, got into conversation with the soldiery; from whom, however, she could obtain none of the information she required.

Her whole time was now occupied, by day, in

visiting the prison in the disguise she had assumed; and, by night, in keeping up the correspondence, of so much importance. By this means, at the suggestion of Albert, she supplied him not only with writing materials, but with a *file*, a *chisel*, and a *hammer*; and had even got a rope in readiness, should it be required for future operations.

Albert had, in the first instance, thought of breaking through the walls of his dungeon; but, alas! they were of the enormous thickness of eighteen feet; and no effort that he could make upon them, with the slight tools he possessed, was sufficient to separate them. He had, with great caution, taken out two or three stones in the wall of his dungeon, but the interior stones were so firmly wedged that they defied him. The labour of his task was enormous; and this was increased from the necessity of his replacing every stone in its respective niche, so as to escape the vigilant eye of his keepers. So at last poor Albert began to despair.

Victoria, however, whose inventions were more fertile than those of her husband, still comforted him. She told him that she would never desist in her exertions while he remained a prisoner, and bade him have hope and trust. He, however, had little reason to hope, for he was told by one

of his guards that on the next day he was to be examined for the fourth time.

And examined he was. Torn from his dungeon at midnight, he was again brought before the Inquisition. The examiners sat before him in a room hung with black. Behind the chair of the chief commissioner, who wore a square cap, shone, in all the brilliance of pure white silver, an image of the crucified Redeemer; and beneath it a skull and cross-bones. The marquis was bound, and, without being asked a single question, placed at once upon the rack in a corner of the room. A physician stood by his side to watch his agonies, and to cry hold when beyond human endurance; and the secretary of the fraternity sat ready to record the answers to the questions put to the unhappy man.

Thus tortured to confess crimes which he never committed, the unhappy man had every bone dislocated; and when nature gave up the contest, and he sunk into the stupor of intense agony, he was removed back to his dungeon. For some days he remained in the most helpless condition, without being able to move a limb, except in exquisite torture. Yet, after a time, his system recovered its wonted strength, and Albert was again inspired with hope.

Victoria Colonna had pursued the same course

of communication previously adopted for several successive days, and receiving no answer to her signs, was at last on the brink of despair. She believed that the wickedness of man had done its worst, and that her husband slept beyond the power of the tormentor. Day after day she watched with anxious longing for some sign of his still being an inhabitant of the earth; but no sign was given to her; and she was on the point of giving up all further exertions, and to die, when, on one of her nightly walks and watchings round the captive's towers, her ear was delighted with the well-known clatter of a piece of tile. She ran to the spot, and once more beheld the hand-writing of her lord. "I still live for Victoria," was the only sentence inscribed by the unhappy man.

The faithful wife now lost not a moment in devising some other plan for her husband's escape. She laid and pondered all the next day and part of the next night. As soon as it was dark she again raised her kite by the side of the tower, placed a note under its wing, in which she bade her husband be of good cheer, promising all her assistance, and suggesting his making a breach in the wall with the implements already afforded him. To this, on the following night, Albert replied, stating the utter impracticability of the plan, by

reason of the thickness of the wall; but urging her to procure a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, by which the masses of stone might be separated, and a breach made.

Victoria seized the hint, and, with the rapidity of thought, made her arrangements. By means of the kite, on the following night, a stouter line was raised to the aperture; and from this, one still stronger; and by means of the last the prisoner drew up several other cutting implements, a boring-auger, and several parcels of gunpowder. Lastly, a still larger cord was drawn up; and it was then arranged that on the following night the attempt should be made to blast the massive walls of the tower.

The next day Victoria was busily employed in arranging the means of escape. She had procured the dress of a friar, both for herself and husband, and wore one over the other; and at midnight she again took her station below the tower. Again she established the communication between herself and husband; and, having raised to him several other packets of gunpowder, lastly had fastened to the cord the lighted match. But at the very moment of success she found a strong arm grasping her, and beside her two Roman soldiers, with their unsheathed weapons, close at her breast. She screamed fearfully. The words

"Bind her!" startled her still more, for it was the voice of Montalbert, the wretch who had caused the imprisonment of her husband.

"Drag her away!" said the count.

Victoria clung to the projecting walls of the castle, having fixed her fingers within a cramping-iron, and hung to it with the tenacity of one who clings to life; while her screams and lamentations filled the air. Albert heard it, and judged of the cause. He applied the match to the mine he had pierced through the stones of the tower. With a tremendous crack and explosion the ancient walls opened, shook, collapsed, and fell. The tower was shattered to its foundation; and prisoner and dungeon, turret and battlement, fell down in one prodigious ruin, and with an uproar that shook the city.

Montalbert lay dead among the ruins. The faithful Victoria was miraculously saved, and Albert rose from the fallen stones uninjured. He clasped his beloved wife to his heart, and both escaped in the consternation and confusion that followed.

They continued their flight to England, where spiritual domination cannot usurp nature's rights, and where the children of God can walk in security and peace. Here they lived the remainder of their days in all the enjoyment which this country of true liberty affords to the fugitive and stranger.

An Invitation to the Woods.

Come, come to the woods! Come, with garlands of sweet thoughts and poesy bright—to dream, beneath the overhanging boughs, of elfin king and sprite; come, where the arching trees their leafy arms are flinging; and little birds are in the air and on the branches singing; and lay you down upon the mead, so soft, and smooth, and green, and listen to the village bells their matin sweetly ringing: list to the thick leaves' murmur as they whisper to the wind, and believe there are no riches like the riches of the mind!

Come! And your welcome shall be, what no welcome ere has been; the voice of nature calls you to gaze upon her sheen: and you lie so dreamingly the dewy leaves among, and listen to the whisperings of the fancy-forméd song; think, think that there are thousands, who dwell beneath the moon, who, hard at work, no leisure have, on this sunny day in June

See; there among the long green grass, the cricket makes a nest, and the little mole so secretly 'neath the warm turf finds his rest; and the thousand tiny insects that live in sun or shade, each

for some special purpose crowd, and sport upon the blade ; and every little blossom that rises from the sod, a mute and joyful hymning is offering to its God !

Come ! and I'll tell you fairy tales, imagination fraught ; and sing you songs of wondrous things to fancy's children taught ; and ever as you listen to my voice among the trees, and startle at the melody that warbles on the breeze, there shall come upon your memory sweet thoughts of by-gone time, and your words shall all unwittingly be turned into rhyme ; and your heart, attuned to melody, shall remember absent friends, as the Future with the Past into blissful Present blends.

Come ! I have tales to charm your ear, and songs your soul to thrall, and a thousand brilliant fantasies obedient to my call ; and, mindful of your comfort, I'll beguile your heart to good, and make you bless the moment when you stroll'd into the wood.

Come ! think no more of trouble, lay the heavy burden down ; let your thoughts no longer wander to the brick-environed town ; you are weary, toil and travel-stained—then sit you down to rest, and your spirit shall mount heavenward, your erring soul be blessed : o'er self and worldly-mindedness there's a victory to be won, when Nature gay makes holiday and revels in the sun !

The Knights Templars.

Who does not love to read of Knights and Chivalry? I remember, when I was a boy, being delighted beyond measure with the "Seven Champions of Christendom," and afterwards making sundry evolutions with the kitchen-spit, not forgetting to tilt at the water-butt. Somehow or other, too, one of the tin cake-dishes, made to represent a porcupine, found its way upon my head, and the lid of the fish-kettle got upon my arm as a shield. But these days are past—ay, and the time of romance is almost past. But still there are recollections that one would not entirely cast aside, and some of these are associated with that fine old building—the Temple Church in London.

Before I say much, however, about the Temple, I must relate to you some facts concerning those persons who gave the Temple and the Temple Church their notoriety, namely, the Knights Templars. They were a celebrated order of knights, which had its origin in the Crusades. The founders of the order were Hugh de Pagans,

Godfrey de St. Uldeman, and seven other knights, who united, in the year 1119, for the protection of the pilgrims on their road to Palestine. After this, as the society gained accession of numbers, its object became the defence of the Christian faith and of the Holy Sepulchre against the Saracens. The knights took vows of chastity, of perfect obedience to their superior, and of poverty, and lived at first on the alms of the Christian lords in Palestine. King Baldwin II., of Jerusalem, gave them an abode in that city, on the east of the site of the Jewish Temple; hence they received the name of TEMPLARS.

The order of Templars had several different classes, consisting of Knights, Squires, and Servitors; to which were added Priests, Chaplains, and Clerks. All wore a distinguishing badge or costume. The superior members had white, the servitors gray or black gowns; the knights wore, beside their armour, simple white cloaks, adorned with large blood-red crosses, to signify that they were to shed their blood in the service of the Church.

The various officers of the order were chosen by the assembled "Chapters," and the Grand Master ranked as a sovereign. Their possessions, gradually augmented by rich members, at last became so enormous, that more than one foreign

potentate thirsted to possess it. The principal part of their possessions were in France; most of the knights were also French, and the Grand Master was usually of that nation. Its members were devoted to the order by body and soul, and their entrance into it was supposed to sever them from all the ties of life or the world. No one had any private property; the order supported all.

If my young friends diligently read history, they will find, that as want and poverty have excited men and nations to exertion, and led them to power and greatness, so wealth and luxury have depraved and ruined them. So it was with the Templars; as they became rich they grew lax in their discipline, and cared little about the objects for which their brotherhood was originally founded. Most of the knights thought more of their worldly possessions than of the Holy Sepulchre; and many of them aspired to join in the councils of kings and princes, to rule states, and to govern empires. These aspirations, together with the mystery which hung over the order, in consequence of their secret meetings, together with its rising power and wealth, influenced both the jealousy and cupidity of Philip, King of France; who, having summoned the Grand Master, Molay, with sixty

of the principal knights, to his court, suddenly arrested them; and having removed his court into the Temple, the residence of the Grand Master in Paris, he ordered the trial of the knights to be commenced, without delay, by his confessor, called William of Paris, Archbishop of Sens.

All people—that is to say all wicked people—when they do wrong, generally pay a mock homage to virtue. So Philip pretended that he seized upon the wealth of the Templars for the good of their souls. It was, therefore, necessary that he should show that the souls of his victims were in a very perilous state. He, therefore, being determined to destroy the order, for the sake of getting possession of their wealth, employed the Dominicans, their bitter enemies, to draw up articles of accusation against them. By means of the most horrid tortures, confessions of crimes which had never been committed were extorted from the prisoners. They were accused of idolatry, sorcery, and infidelity; and, to prove the charges, those who obstinately denied them were put to a cruel death; while those who admitted the truth of the allegations were only punished by losing their revenues.

At first the Pope, Clement V., opposed this cruel persecution; but Philip, by the promise

of part of their wealth, soon prevailed upon him to join him in his cruelty. Two cardinals were sent to take part in the examinations at Paris, in order to impart a more legal appearance to the procedure, and to sanctify the transactions. The Archbishop of Sens immediately burnt alive fifty-four knights who had denied every crime of which they were accused. In other dioceses of France scores were treated in the same way; while their wealth fell into the coffers of the king. The other princes of Europe, seeing so much was to be got by their destruction, took the hint. Charles of Sicily and Provence imitated Philip, and shared the booty with the Pope; who, when all had been taken from them that could be taken, solemnly abolished the order.

The last victims to this mercenary cruelty were the Grand Master, Molay—and Guido, the Grand Prior of Normandy, who were burnt alive at Paris, in March, 1314. But, at the stake, these two men are reported to have cited, in a most solemn manner, from the midst of the flames, Philip and Clement to appear before the judgment seat of God within a year. And the Pope died April the 19th, in the same year; and the King November the 29th. So, after all, you see this wickedness did not prosper.

The Temple, in Fleet Street, was the palace

or mansion of this order. They had formerly a house in Holborn, but removed here about the beginning of the reign of Edward II. Upon the dissolution of this order in England, which happened without any of the atrocities attending it in other countries, the Temple fell to the crown, and was granted by King Edward to the Earl of Lancaster. King Edward III. granted the building to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and they soon afterwards gave it up to certain professors of the Law.

The main ornament of the Temple, and indeed the most ancient architectural feature in the metropolis, is the church, which has lately been restored and beautified. A portion of this edifice appears to have been erected in the twelfth century.

The body, or the eastern part of the church, appears to have been built about the year 1240. The church itself very nearly fell a sacrifice to the Great Fire of 1666. It was the stone-work of this building by which the flames were first effectually arrested. It suffered much injury, however, in 1695, from another fire, which destroyed a considerable part of the Temple. But, at the present time, it stands again in its architectural glory; and should any of my country friends come to London, I hope they will not

omit going to see it, and also attend the divine service.

I cannot help telling you of the festivities formerly observed on Christmas Day in the Inner Temple. Service being ended in the church, the gentlemen present repaired to the hall, and breakfasted on brawn, mustard, and malmsey. "At the first course, at dinner, was served a large and fine boar's hedde on a silver platter, with minstrelsy." This custom is still observed at Queen's College, Oxford, in commemoration of an act of valour performed by a student, who, while reading "Aristotle," in the Forest of Shotover, was for the wicked sin of considering reading a bore, attacked by a boar. The furious beast came open-mouthed upon the youth, like a proctor; who, however, very courageously, and with a happy presence of mind, or absence of mind, rammed into the jaws of the beast the black-letter volume, crying, "Græcum est!" fairly choking the savage with the sage.

I will now give you some curious lines written about the two figures of a horse and lamb over the Inner Temple hall:—

As by the Templars' holds you go,
The horse and lamb display'd,
In emblematic figures show,
The merits of their trade :

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession ;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.
" O happy Britons, happy isle !"
Let foreign nations say,
" Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay !"

ANSWER.

Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves ;
These artful emblems lead to show
Their clients, not themselves ;
'Tis all a trick—these are but shams
By which they mean to fleece you ;
For, have a care, you are the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.
Nor let the thoughts of " no delay,"
To these their courts misguide you,
You are the showy horse, and they
The jockeys that will ride you.



Pretty Pets and Oddities.

Pets—everybody in this world has some sort of pet. The old adage tells us that we all have our hobbies—and so witches are depicted as riding on broomsticks. Yes, every one has a pet of his own. The mother has her pet, and very often a plaguey pet it is—an unruly, passionate, self-willed, disagreeable child—a darling boy, perhaps, whom she dresses out in fine clothes and fine feathers; and who, in consequence, thinks so much of himself, that he thinks the universe was made for him, and cries to play bowls with the sun and moon. Such pets are nuisances, and we want none of them. Then fathers have their pets; they pet their horses and their dogs. Some make a pet of their money, and hoard it up in strong boxes or banks or stores or ships, and this is their delight. And Miss Fanny, and all the other misses, have their pet dolls; and Master Harry and Tom, and all the other masters, have their pet tops and taws, pet kites, and pet hoops.

Some go farther than this, and have their pet





"Some go farther than this, and have their pet pigeons, pet chickens, pet rabbits, pet puppies, pet kittens."

the old man
was black and thin
in his head and neck
a thick, podge high
and stumpy; and
oddities, it was
sky—looking up for
—pointing upwards like
—cocked up like the
always threatening to
back.

Master Theophilus had, as I said, very odd
with him; he was always contrary.



pigeons, pet chickens, pet rabbits, pet puppies, pet kittens. I have heard of one young gentleman who kept a pet oyster, which was said to follow him about like a dog. This I cannot exactly believe, although I am not given to doubt. But whether the story of the oyster be true or not—there was a young gentleman whom I happened to know very well, once upon a time, who kept the oddest of pets. He was a very odd lad himself, and never did what other people did; his aim being to do exactly the contrary. He had a very odd name, too—both Christian and surname—very odd; it was Theopholis Squalligosh. He had a very odd little head, something like the knob of a pair of tongs. He had very odd eyes, too; one was black and the other blue, and both were set in his head askew; one looking to the right, and one to the left. He had a very odd form too—a thick, podgy body with little doddy legs, bowed and stumpy; and his nose was the oddest of oddities; it was continually looking into the sky—looking up for rain, like a weather-glass—pointing upwards like a spire of a steeple—cocked up like the tail of a rabbit, and always threatening to throw him over on his back.

Master Theopholis had, as I said, very odd ways with him; he was always contrary. When it

rained, he would play; in fine weather he would shut himself up. When tops were in, he would play dominoes; when kites were in, he would try skates. In cold weather he loitered, and in hot weather he walked so fast as to be ten times hotter than the weather; and he always would go to school in the holidays, and keep away when the holidays were over.

This Theophilus was as odd in regard to pets as he was in everything else. Other boys were content with rabbits, pigeons, guinea-pigs, singing-birds, and the like; but he, bless the boy, had no fancy for any of these, but for strange vermin, reptiles, and other odd fish. He had a pet toad—or rather frog, a pet snake, a pet sucking-pig, a pet hedge-hog, and a pet rat, a fierce, gray whiskered old fellow that made your flesh crinkle when you looked at him.

How my young gentleman first thought of keeping such things I can't tell, but he told me some particulars about these, his pets, which I shall relate to you. He said, "You see, Mr. Peter, I don't see any good in having what everybody has—everybody keeps fowls, and birds, and dogs, and such like; but nobody in the whole world has what I have. There, look at him!" he took me to a box with glass eye-holes. "Isn't he a beauty! as fat as butter? Look at his eyes" (this

was to his pet frog) "are they not like diamonds? Look at his beautiful speckled back! Look at his arms like a man's arms, and his legs like a man's legs! See, he sits on them like a Christian! Now you shall see, I'll make him hop over this stick. 'Come out, Bobby, and show yourself off,'" said he, and opening the little door of the box, out leaped the frog.

So Master Theopholis took a stick, and holding it before the frog, cried out, "Over!" and over went froggy; then he held the stick up, and cried, "Under!" and the frog crawled under. Then he gave the reptile a little tap on the nose, and cried, "Tumble!" and over tumbled froggy, just like the clown in the pantomime.

He had made some harness for his frog and a little carriage, and placing the former over his shoulders, and the collar attached to it, he gave the frog-horse the word, and away he went, crawling away at a rapid rate—that is, as rapidly as a frog could crawl, till he came to the pond at the bottom of the garden. The boy then unharnessed him—"Now," said he, "you shall see him dive for a worm; so opening a little snuff-box which he carried in his pocket, and saying, as he did so, "These are my pet worms," he threw some into the pond, and sure enough, down went froggy to the bottom, and up he came again to the surface,

and swam about to the great amusement and delight of both of us.

After some very funny performances of Master Froggy, the odd little boy said, "Now you shall see my snake." I thought we should have to go to a zoological department somewhere, in which the reptile was confined; but no—he was close at hand. "Here he is," said Oddity, and sure enough there he was, poking his head out of the boy's pocket, with his forked tongue darting glibly forth like lightning. In a moment he ran down the boy's leg to the ground; but he stamped with his foot, and said, "Back!" and back came the snake, twining round his leg—running in under his waistcoat—out at his neck-tie—round his throat—in amongst his hair, as if it had been the moss of some old tree in which snakes deposit themselves; and there it sat or stood or settled under the lee of his right ear, and looking proud of its elevated position.

"I can make him do what I like," said the odd boy. "I go a hunting with him sometimes after black beetles in the cellar, and he gobbles them up like 'winking.'" I did not exactly know what "winking" was, but I supposed the odd boy to mean quickly. "And then I put him into the cucumber-frame, he and froggy together," the boy continued, "and they soon find the way to

amuse themselves. I have had a sort of steeple-chase, too, with them round the garden."

I found that the odd boy had, to a certain degree, trained the snake to do what he wished it. He took a Jew's-harp from his pocket, and giving it a twang, down ran the snake to the ground; he continued to twang the Hebrew lyre, and snaky erected his head, stood on his tail, glared with his eyes, and played with his forked tongue in a most voracious manner. "Vanish!" said the odd boy, and the snake whipped away with a celerity I shall never forget, and where he went to I never could learn.

"Now," said Master Oddity, "you shall see my prickly dumpling:" and taking off his hat, there, in the crown of it, rolled up most compactly, lay a little hedge-hog. He took him from his hat, and rolled it along the grass, as he would a ball. "I am trying," said the odd boy, "to make him roll about by himself when he is curled up, and I have no doubt but I shall make him do it by-and-by; but you see they are rather queer things to handle. You can't pull them about as you can a snake or a frog; but I can make him unroll himself, and also roll himself up, and he will follow me wherever I wish. So giving the ground a smart slap with his rod of power, his stick, the hedge-hog slowly uncoiled itself, opened its eyes,

and worked its nose as if it had just woke up from sleep.

It was very funny to see this curious animal following the motion of the stick, and the more so, when guided by the odd boy, it ran up a perpendicular wall with the greatest ease, and then came down again at the word of command. Master Theopholis then mesmerised him by a wave of the magic rod, and Mr. Spineback rolled himself up like a ball of worsted. The odd boy then gave him a roll along the ground as if he had been bowling at the cricket stumps. Hedgehog, however, kept as fast closed as a miser's heart till opened by the boy's talisman.

I expressed my astonishment at the snake and hedgehog tamer. "Oh, that is nothing!" said the boy. "You shall see my walking companions: come along with me to the stables."

So I went with him to the stables, and the boy, opening a small door in the loft above, then called out sharply, "Come, Ralph; come Jack!" and down the loft-ladder hopped a very fine raven with plume of blackest jet, and a brilliantly-feathered jackdaw. The latter began to talk, saying, "Jack's going out—Jack's going out!"—"Yes, we will go out for a walk; come, Ralph," said the boy; "you can't talk, but you can tumble; over, sir—over! To my astonish-

ment the obedient raven, ogling the boy with that cunning expression of eye which is so peculiar to the raven, spread forth his wings on the ground, and gave a topple head-over-heels in the drollest manner imaginable. "That will do," said the boy; "and now come for a walk."

So leading the way, and with Ralph and Jack on either side of him, the lad marched forward, and I followed in the wake. Away we went into the fields, and I was then astonished to find both the birds take to their wings and fly off. In a few minutes Master Jack was perched upon a tree, a couple of hundred yards in advance of us, and Ralph in the middle of a large field, busily employed in pulling over something with his beak. We walked on, and passing the tree on which Jack had perched, pursued our journey. For more than a quarter of an hour we saw nothing of the birds, and I began to think they had taken French leave, and that we should not see them again. Not so, however; for Theophilus, the odd boy, gave a loud whistle almost as piercing as that of an engine-driver. He again repeated it a second time, and then, after a short interval, a third; and so there came Jacky and Ralph on full wing, and fluttering about us for a few seconds, again flew in advance of us. Several times did the boy suffer his birds to roam, and

then recall them, till at last we returned to our starting-point with the birds close upon our heels, and as tractable as dogs.

"What do you think of my pets?" said the boy. "Is not this better sport than to put birds in cages, and confine them in iron bars? I am sure my birds are as happy as I am," continued he; "and my snake and hedge-hog will eat bread and milk out of the same dish; and as to my old froggy, he keeps all the insects out of the green-house, and I call him our policeman."

I could not help laughing at the odd boy and his pets, and could scarcely believe what I had seen. However, upon conversation with him, I found that his power over these animals was not of such difficult acquirement as you may suppose. Tact, patience, kindness, and firmness—slowly, constantly, and cheerfully employed—was the secret of success; and, of course, a love for the object—for nothing but love for an object will induce us to all this patience and pains-taking; without a thorough-hearted love for a thing, we make but little progress in it.

What do you suppose, my young readers, it is that makes people great poets, great lawyers, great linguists, great philosophers, or great historians? Love for these things—love intense, ardent, devoted, unchangeable. Nothing but this

love enables them to climb the heights of a noble ambition among the difficulties and dangers and troubles that beset their path. Take a lesson, therefore, and understand that if you want to succeed in anything, you must have a love for it. He who loves not learning and knowledge will rarely, if ever, be learned or wise—while those who love folly will be as certain to wear all their lives the “cap and bells.”



Anecdotes of the Civil Wars.

WARDOUR CASTLE was a mansion of Lord Arundel's, in the county of Wiltshire, and has been famous for a transaction which displayed the courage of Blanche, the Lady Arundel, who defended it for nine days, with a few men, against Sir Edward Hungerford, Edmund Ludlow, and their army, and then delivered it, upon honourable terms, to the Parliamentary army.

You, of course, know that about 200 years ago the people of this country rose up against their monarch, Charles I., and beheaded him. The Parliament was against the King; and, at the period of which I am speaking, that is, on Tuesday, May 2, 1643, Sir Edward Hungerford, commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces in Wiltshire, appeared before Wardour Castle. Sir Edward finding the castle prepared to stand a siege, and the inhabitants resolute in its defence, called in Colonel Stride to assist in the attack. The combined troops, amounting to about 1,300, commenced their operations by summoning the castle to surrender,

under pretence that it had served as a harbour and an asylum for the King's party ; and that it contained men and arms, plate and money, which they had a commission from the Parliament to seize. Lady Arundel, who commanded the fortress in the absence of her husband, who was then at Worcester, refused to deliver it up ; declaring, with magnanimity, that she had orders from her lord to keep it ; and those orders she was determined to obey. On this reply, the cannon were drawn up, and the battering commenced, which continued, without intermission, from the Wednesday till the following Monday. The castle contained but twenty-five fighting men, During the siege two mines were sprung, by the explosion of which every room in the fortress was shaken and endangered. The besiegers offered, more than once, to give quarters to the women and children, on the condition that the besieged would surrender their arms. But the ladies of the family, disdaining to sacrifice to their own safety their brave friends and faithful servants, with whom they chose rather to perish, rejected the proposals with honourable scorn. Oppressed with numbers, wearied with exertions, and exhausted by watching, the strength of the besieged at length began to fail. In this extremity the ladies and female servants assisted in loading the muskets, and in

administering refreshments to their intrepid defenders.

The enemy having brought petards, applied them to the garden doors, which they endeavoured to force. The outer gates were burned with fire, but the inner portcullis, which was of massive iron, withstood all their attacks. Balls of wildfire, however, were thrown into the windows, and the balls from the cannon were showered upon the building from all sides, so that there was no safety for those within. Numbers of the ladies were dreadfully wounded, and all overcome by fatigue. In this distress, when every hope was cut off, the besieged demanded a parley—not a Peter Parley, be sure, for poor Peter was not alive then. The parley was granted by the enemy, and articles of surrender were accordingly drawn up; by which it was stipulated that the inhabitants of the fortress should be allowed quarter: secondly, that the ladies and servants should have their wearing apparel spared to them; and that six of their serving men, nominated by themselves, should be allowed to attend on their persons wherever they might be disposed to retire; thirdly, that the furniture should be saved from plunder; and that a person should remain in the castle for the purpose of taking an inventory of all that it contained; one copy of which was to be delivered to the

commander-in-chief, and another given to the ladies.

The besiegers were, on these terms, allowed to take possession of the castle ; but the first article of the capitulation, by which the lives of the inhabitants were spared, was the only one observed, the remainder being violated without scruple.

The besieged had, in their defence, slain more than sixty of their adversaries, who had now their turn for vengeance. They destroyed and defaced, with savage fury, many valuable pictures, carvings, and works of art, and nothing was left to the defeated but the clothes which they wore. The ladies and children were led prisoners to Shaftesbury, whither five cartloads of their richest furniture and hangings were carried in triumph. So much devastation and plunder was committed at this castle, that the loss of the Earl of Arundel was computed at 100,000*l*.

The victors, not considering their prisoners secure at Shaftesbury, proposed removing them to Bath, the air of which was at that time infected both by the plague and small-pox. Lady Arundel, dreading to expose her children to contagion, earnestly remonstrated against this barbarous purpose, which force only, she determined, should effect. Her adversaries, afraid lest the people should be disgusted by so gross and brutal a pro-

ceeding, were induced, on reflection, to relinquish their design, but not without piercing the heart of a mother, by obliging her to separate from her children. Two sons, the elder only nine, and the younger but seven years of age, were carried prisoners to Dorchester; while Lady Arundel herself survived this melancholy event only five years; and, at her death, was buried with her husband in the chapel of the Castle of Wardour.

This is not the only lady who, during the Civil Wars (as they are called, but which were very un-civil to my thinking), distinguished themselves by their loyalty. Among those heroines was Charlotte, Countess of Derby, whose exertions for her unfortunate sovereign merited a happier reward. During the space of two years the Countess defended a house in Latham, Lancashire, with the greatest courage, against the troops of the Parliament.

Corfe Castle, in the Island of Purbeck, was also most gallantly defended by Lady Banks, the wife of Sir John Banks, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Sir William East, who commanded the forces sent to reduce it, wishing at first to get possession of it by stratagem, sent a party of forty seamen to demand four small field-pieces which were in the castle. Lady

Banks went to the gate and desired to see the warrant. They produced one, under the hands of some of the commissioners. Instead of delivering them, however, Lady Banks withdrew; and though at that time there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid-servants, mounted the cannon on their carriages, loaded one of them, which they fired, and thus drove the party away.

The besiegers next attempted to starve her to surrender, by preventing all supplies of ammunition and food from reaching the castle. Lady Banks at length agreed to give up four pieces of cannon, on condition that she should be permitted to enjoy the castle and what was in it in peace and quietness. The besiegers, on this, relaxed in their vigilance, and Lady Banks took the opportunity of laying in a stock of provisions, and of procuring the assistance of Captain Lawrence. The Parliamentary forces, about 600 in number, now attacked the castle, but were repulsed, and the slender garrison sallied out, and brought some oxen into the castle, without the loss of a man. An attempt was afterwards made to take it by scaling-ladders. One party assaulted the upper ward, which Lady Banks, with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, defended against the rebels; throwing over large stones and hot embers upon

them as they were climbing the ladders. After losing a hundred men in the assault, the siege was abandoned.

Such, my young friends, are a few instances of the noble conduct of women ; which I hope the young ladies who read this book will not forget.



Romps in the Orchard.

Who does not like a game at romps? When I see the flies in their groups, buzzing and twisting and shooting and darting round and about each other, now shooting upwards and then dipping downwards, then wheeling round—up the middle, down the sides, and up again—they seem to me as if they were fond of romping, and so seem the little gnats or midges who dance upon the soft beams of the setting sun, as if they had got up a set of quadrilles for summer evenings. I have seen, too, the young shrimps on the sea-shore at their game of romps—flitting and jumping, and springing hither and thither like mad-caps, as they are. Motion, motion, motion—motion is delightful! The stars, the planets, they seem to have their game of romps on a large scale, and those little asteroids, now in number some thirty or so, they dance about at a fine rate, and I often wonder they steer so clear of each other.

But of all the dancing, and romping, and play, and motion, that of children is the most pleasing.

To them it seems natural, they express their heart-joy in their legs and arms—their cheerfulness by the kicking up of their heels—their love and affection to each other by their sports and games, when they play fairly and happily and generously together. Look at Emily, there she is, high in the air, with her toes kicking at the sky and her head underneath. And there stands her brother, Alfred, pitching her up with all his might. "Oh, delightful," she calls out. "Higher! higher! Now give me a good one." The old walnut-tree creaks and groans, but Emily screams with wild delight. Up she goes again, "Well done, Alfred, that is a good one—now another, higher! higher! Softly, softly, now the dove is dying—she shuts her eyes and feels that delicious sensation that no one knows who was never on a swing. The dove is dying—"Gently, gently—softly, softly—good-bye, good-bye—whoa, whoa, stop."

And now it's Alfred's turn; up with him; now girls get all behind him; give him a good push, gently first: let him get in motion; now more, more—higher, higher—away he goes, up with him: hold tight. My goodness, girls, you will have him over again! Gracious, the boy will turn a circle in the air; but no, that is impossible, owing to the laws of gravity: up he goes again and again; you can't get him any higher. You are tired, and

so is he; for see, he turns pale and looks very queer. Gently, gently—stop.

“Ah, ha, Master Alfred, the girls beat you at swinging—you are done for. Well may you slink out of the swing while all the girls are laughing except one, and that is your little sister Jeanette, and she jumps up to kiss you, and gives you a peppermint drop from her portemonnaie, in which she keeps them, instead of money.”

There, on the open space beyond the old walnut-tree, are Lizzy and Susan, keeping up the shuttlecock. “Well done, Lizzy!—up with the shuttle. Ah, it has fallen on Susan’s nose; but she gives it a turn upwards, and before it can reach the ground, into the air it flies again like a gossamer. Keep up the game: keep it off the ground. Up and well up—over and well over! Now, Lizzy—now, Susan: your arms begin to ache, do they? never mind, keep the game alive. Who is to keep it up the longest? Lizzy, you—no, Susan—no, Lizzy! Ah, down it is: Lizzy, you are out, and must give way to little Josephine, who has seized the shuttlecock.

“Ay, you are in your glory, Master Hannibal, sitting on your car triumphant, the garden-roller, with your lath and wand and military cap. You are a hero in your own right: but what makes you so? no mighty strife—no mighty wars—no slashing, and hacking, and stabbing, and pounding, and

shooting down, and cutting up. No, you are indebted to none of this for your dignity, but to two good-tempered little boys who love you, and who, in the spirit of a brotherly affection, give you a turn on the roller. One good turn deserves another, Master Hannibal, and so when you have had a good roll over the green sward, do you be horse and let somebody else be charioteer. That's the way to play: 'Play and let play—play and fair play'—that's the motto.

"You little string of merry little grigs, twisting and twirling about in the meadow there, what are you doing? why you seem as if you were turning yourselves inside out. Such twisting, and twining, and twirling, so many ins and outs, and outs and ins—why I am sure you will ruffle the skein of human thread you are weaving into such pretty patterns! You are playing thread-the-needle; oh, that is it!—thread away, then, as fast as you can. Ah, Julia, you are down!" and down come the whole string one after the other, and somebody cries out "Heap the bushel!" and then all struggle up that can; some with their beautiful ringlets a little the worse for sport, but all of them the better for the fun.

There are the boys at the grammar-school in all their glory. Some at "foot-ball," some at "baste-the-bear." "Stag-out" is now the order of the day:



"Why it is that mischievous Tom, who has shaken the hanging boughs of the old apple-tree, and caused a shower of fruit to descend on the heads, shoulders, and arms of those below." *Page 243.*

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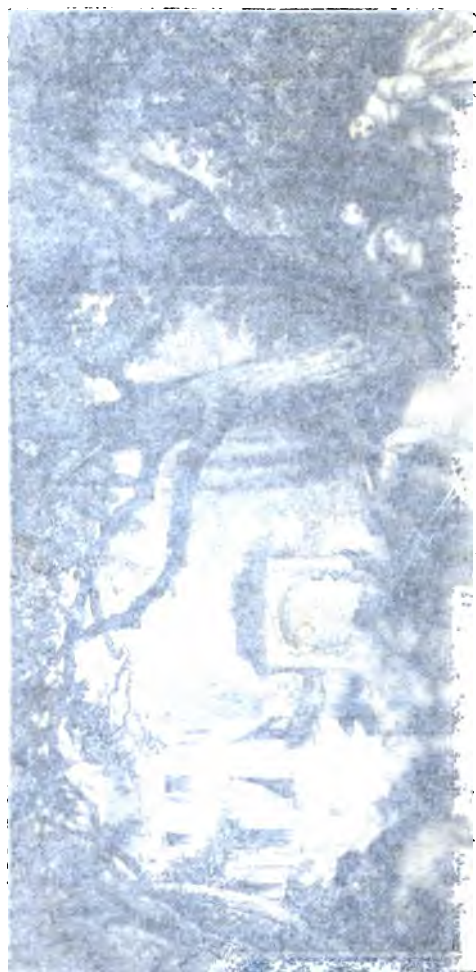
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away goes the stag; the hounds follow him; he turns to bay—now he butts with his antlers: ah, down you go, Mr. Charlie! Now a run for it, now for a ride!

Who does not like a game of romps in the old orchard on a fine October morning? What fun there is in an apple-gathering party when the trees are loaded with ripe and rosy fruit! There are the venturesome boys perched aloft in the trees with their poles and baskets, which, as they fill, they hand down to the girls and younger boys, who in their turn empty them upon the numerous heaps on the ground. Hark! what can that peal of laughter mean? Why, it is that mischievous Tom, who has shaken the hanging boughs of the old apple-tree and caused a shower of fruit to descend on the heads, shoulders, and arms of those below, who dance, laugh, skip, and even roll on the ground with merriment.

Playing soldiers!—No, no, none of that; we have had enough of that. We have played “baste-the-bear,” you know, and let us hope we shall have no more bastings either on one side or the other. It is quite enough to be soldiers when we are called upon to fight for our Queen and our happy little country, but to “fight in sport” is shabby sport: we want no guns, or drums, or flags, or charges, or discharges—not we; we are

peaceable boys—we don't like fighting ; but what we want is, good, sound, honest, hardy, manly, boy-like, play—a clear stage and no favour, but all affection and love. No word of unkindness—no growl of discord—no peevishness—no trickery and cunning—no envy and hatred—no covetousness or greediness—no pride and vanity—no unfairness; nothing of that sort will do for English boys or girls; but open-heartedness, straightforwardness, cheerfulness, and good-humour. Give a joke and take a joke—give a rub and take a rub : that is the way to make play pleasant, and is also one of the best ways of preparing ourselves for the rough rubs and tumbles of this scrambling world.

Play on, then, my boys. Play on, play on, dear little girls—enjoy yourselves in all your innocence and beauty. Now is your morning of happiness—now is your life's sunshine; enjoy it like the warbling birds of the early day or the flowers that glisten with the dews of the morn. Cultivate the affections, the feelings, all that is good and holy and pure. One looks down upon you with smiles—bends over you in all the fulness of a Father's love—and will not forsake you in the darkest troubles of life, while you continue in your innocence and purity, and do not forget to look up to Him.

The Little Prisoners.

EVERY country has its Mecca, its enchanted spot of earth, caressed by the sunshine, and embellished by nature. To France belong the Isles of Hyères, and to Italy the fair lake of Como; Spain has its Granada, Portugal its Cintra, England its Isle of Wight.

I left London one lovely autumn afternoon, and reached Portsmouth at six, a magnificent sunset gilding the sky. The sea, darkly and deeply blue, reflected the bright azure of the heavens. I stood on the deck of the steamer which was to convey me to the Isle of Wight, and soon this fair island, the garden of England, appeared before me like an immense raft of verdure and flowers kissed by the waves.

In a short time we landed at the pier of Ryde, from which the two towers of Osborne were distinctly visible, fully illumined by the setting sun which crowned them with his rays.

Osborne must always be a point of interest, as the private residence of our beloved Queen; but my principal object in visiting the Isle of Wight was to see the ancient strong fortress of Caris-

brook, which served as a prison to the unhappy monarch Charles I.

Passing through Newport, I left on my right the pretty village of Carisbrook, and I approached the fortress beneath umbrageous foliage, and by grassy footpaths to the foot of the ruined ramparts. Passing through the aperture of what was once a tall doorway, I reached the vaulted arch of massive stone flanked by two bastions which serves as the entrance to the fortress. Proceeding at random by means of climbing the ruins overgrown with brambles and briars, chance directed my steps to the window by which Charles I. attempted to escape. This window is now half concealed by a fig-tree and wild-vine which cling around it, and form a sort of trellis. Whilst I stood rapt in contemplation amid a silence unbroken save by the gentle sighing of the soft western breeze among the leaves, my meditations were interrupted by the sound of a girl's voice, saying, "When you have viewed these ruins sufficiently, sir, I will conduct you to the apartments in the castle." The person who addressed me was the daughter of the porter who took charge of the fortress. Before following her, however, into the inner apartments, I wished to continue my inspection of the ramparts and the dismantled towers. All that remains of these is covered with vigorous and luxuriant vegetation.

When I reached the old ruined parapet which crowns the summit of the Roman tower, I seated myself and paused awhile to contemplate the landscape that unfolded itself at my feet.

Immediately in front of me lay the wood and the village of Carisbrook, and farther off to the right, the town of Newport; to the left was the boundless ocean, a few white sails discernible in the distance; and behind me lay plains and meadows ripe and yellow with an abundant harvest. From the height where I sat all nature seemed sleeping under the brilliant light of this bright August day.

I fancied I beheld, wandering along the ramparts, the shadow of Charles I., that chivalrous and melancholy but misguided King; he who so passionately loved arts and letters; who could appreciate the mighty genius of Raphael, while he fostered and encouraged that of Van Dyck. His family was dispersed, the Queen (Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. of France) went to Holland before the execution of the King, with the Princess Royal, who espoused the Prince of Orange; she then returned to England to bring succour and assistance to royalty; but she was soon obliged to take refuge in France, where the Princess Henrietta, the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II.), and the Duke of York (who

became James II.) rejoined her. Two other children, the little Princess Elizabeth, and her youngest brother the Duke of Gloucester, had not been able to escape from England during the captivity of their royal and unfortunate father. They were confided by the Parliament to the Countess of Leicester, who bestowed a mother's care upon them. These two youngest children of the King, displaying the precocious intelligence and striking beauty that Van Dyck has immortalized in a family portrait, were those whom the poor prisoner-monarch loved best of all. He vainly entreated to see them during his imprisonment at Carisbrook. But on the 29th of January, 1649, Cromwell's soldiers saw two children conducted by a lady (the Countess of Leicester) pass beneath the gloomy portals of Whitehall; a little girl of thirteen dressed in black, with a pale, sad face, and abundance of fair hair, who led by the hand a little boy of eight, fragile and delicate as herself: they were brother and sister, and the expression of their countenances was so touchingly mournful that at sight of them that line of Shakspeare—

“So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.”

involuntarily recurred to the minds of the spectators.

They traversed several halls filled with guards,

until they reached an apartment more gloomy than the rest, where they found their father, calm and dignified, seated at a table, writing. But when the two children threw themselves into his arms, nature burst forth in sobs, and stoical heroism was conquered. That unhappy father was Charles I., doomed to die on the morrow ! those children were the young Princess Elizabeth and the little Duke of Gloucester.

As soon as the King could control his emotion, he committed to his daughter's care some trinkets for her mother, her brothers and sisters, while on herself he bestowed the Bible which had been his inseparable companion during his dreary captivity, and the source of his highest consolation.

This interview seemed to console the father's heart, while it broke that of the two children. They soon found by the increased rigour of their captivity that the King had been beheaded. The pension which the Parliament had granted them was taken away, and their titles of Prince and Princess were suppressed, and their servants were removed from them ; Cromwell even spoke of having them taught a trade : the little Duke was to become a working shoemaker, and the young Princess a button-maker.

These threatened indignities which, to the credit of the English nation were never inflicted,

remind one of the tortures and outrages practised on the unhappy son of Marie Antoinette, who, as well as the interesting subjects of the present tale, died, it may be said, of a broken heart.

I knew the premature end of these two young unfortunates whose life was so shadowed by misfortune, but the circumstances, the details of their decline, were unfamiliar to me. Historians touch but lightly on the death of this young Princess, whose mind and heart were so wonderfully endowed. She was born in St. James's Palace on the 8th of January, 1635. The beauty of her face seemed but the reflection of her affectionate heart and intelligent mind. There is a portrait of her by Van Dyck, taken when she was only seven years of age. It represents a little girl with a long slender neck, and sprightly and intelligent countenance. From her earliest years she showed a great aptitude for study. Before she was ten years old her father would frequently consult her previous to making an important decision, so high an opinion did he entertain of the soundness of her judgment, and the precocious clearness of her understanding. She was twelve years of age when the Count of Montreuil, then French ambassador at London, wrote of her to his court, that she was "very beautiful, and reminded him strongly in character and mind of King Henry IV., her grand-

father, and that never had he seen in a child so much grace, dignity, and sensibility combined."

Hume, the historian, goes still further, and imputes to her a great superiority of judgment; and Lord Chancellor Clarendon adds that her unusual and profound intelligence was a subject of astonishment to her father, who consulted her frequently, and wondered at her always just remarks upon men and things.

Where had she languished—where pined and faded this fair flower, this gifted child, so marvelously endowed? I seem to behold her, death-struck, as she quitted Whitehall, holding by the hand her little brother, of whom she seemed a second mother; then she disappeared from my sight in the shadow and oblivion of the past.

While visions and recollections of Charles and his family floated through my brain, I still remained sitting on the summit of the lofty tower of Carisbrook, overlooking the peaceful country, and the restless ever-changing ocean. The labourers were quitting the fields; the cattle and sheep—their black and polished feet forming a strong contrast with the whiteness of their fleeces—were being driven slowly home. Twilight was stealing onwards, and already a few pale stars twinkled in the sky. As if rooted to

the spot, I continued meditating upon the incessant struggles of nations and society, when a young fresh voice ascended from the staircase, saying—

“If you wish to see the Princess’s apartment, sir, there is no time to lose, for it is growing dark;” and in a moment more my young guide was beside me. I followed her in silence.

The apartments into which she conducted me formed the modern portion of the citadel of Carisbrook. They were built in the reign of Elizabeth, and adjoining them is an old building which at present is used as a farm, and where there is a very deep well, the water of which, fresh and cold as ice, is drawn to the surface by the assistance of an indefatigable and veteran donkey, seemingly the most patient of his race.

These apartments of the time of Elizabeth are utterly devoid of character. You enter by a square and unornamented vestibule, and after mounting a tolerably wide staircase with balustrades painted of a dingy grey, arrive at an oblong saloon, the ceiling of which is formed of thick cross beams; and which, as well as a wide chimney-piece in the Renaissance style, is also of a greyish hue. For the rest, not a vestige of sculpture, escutcheons, or armorial bearings is visible. In a corner of this desolate-looking apartment, to the right, is

a rather low door. You enter, and after ascending three steps, find yourself in a very small panelled room, the window of which looks out upon the ramparts; another room, twin-sister to this one, adjoins it; it has a fire-place at the lower end; and its window looks upon that other vine-covered lattice by which the misguided Charles attempted to escape. Standing face to face with this ruin, my thoughts naturally reverted to the prisoner-king and his family. My young conductress then broke silence: "It is here that she died," said she, "and in her last moments her eyes were fixed in the direction of that window."

"Of whom are you speaking?" I inquired.

"Of the young Princess, a fairy, an angel!—of the daughter of Charles who was beheaded at Whitehall. She was brought hither with her brother Henry after the death of their father. They inhabited these two narrow chambers. In the one we are now standing the Princess used to sleep, and it is here that she was one morning found dead."

"Is this merely a legend?" I asked.

"No," she replied; "it is a true story; every fact and circumstance relating to which has been religiously handed down from father to son in my family."

"It was on a cold and wintry day in March, that my ancestors, the first of the keepers of Carisbrook—an hereditary office in my family for more than two hundred years—saw two children, attired in deep mourning, enter the castle, conducted by soldiers. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and as the young Prince and Princess crossed that court-yard that you see below us, they trembled and turned pale with cold. An order had been issued, forbidding any one to render them the honour due to their rank and station, and even to wait upon them; but when the two royal orphans entered the large saloon through which we have just passed, the keeper, my father's ancestor, made them sit down by a blazing fire and warm themselves a little. The keeper's wife—a worthy soul, and whose memory I venerate for her kindness to them—brought them some refreshment. The little Prince accepted her offer willingly, for he was very hungry; but the Princess would only taste a cup of milk. She had a dreadful cough. They were shown to their little rooms. The Princess, who seemed scarcely able to stand, retired to bed at once; but before doing so, she looked out of the window at which we are now standing, and a soldier, who was stationed as sentinel on the ramparts, brutally informed her that that Gothic window, at present half concealed by

creeping plants, was the one by which the King Charles, her father, had attempted to escape. The Princess Elizabeth burst into tears; her sobs were heartrending to hear. After a time she passionately kissed the Bible, her father's last legacy, placed it under her pillow, and appeared to grow calmer. The next morning, when my ancestress entered her room, she found her at prayers with her little brother Henry; she had dressed him herself, too proud to sue for service against the orders of her father's executioners. A young mother! Misfortune seemed to have suggested to her all the infinite little tenderness of maternal love. As the snow ceased falling, and a pale wintry sun shone forth, the children requested permission to walk a little in the court-yard and on the ramparts of the castle, and this trifling privilege was granted them, for the citadel was kept so closely shut and so strictly guarded in every part, that escape would have been well nigh impossible, even had the youthful prisoners been capable of attempting it. The required permission was no sooner obtained, than without a word of consultation between them, they were seen rapidly hastening towards that part of the ramparts where the window at which their unhappy father made his abortive attempt is situated. They leant their heads against its bars, their little hands clasped in

each other's, and remained for a long time sadly thinking of their lost parent.

"There is too much cause to fear that the ever-present sight of that window—the thought of that head which passed its bars, whilst the body could not follow, so suggestive of the scaffold with its gloomy apparatus on which that beloved head fell bleeding—hastened the end of the fair and gentle Princess. Daily, hourly, the sight of it recalled the frightful death which flight would have prevented. It was a never-ceasing, ever-recurring grief; and my ancestress, to her honour be it said, summoned courage to tell the governor, a personal friend of Cromwell, that to keep those poor little creatures confined here was a refinement of cruelty unworthy of Christians. She felt, and truly, this worthy woman, that the choice of this prison was a species of torture which would kill them slowly, especially the young Princess, who seemed already at the point of death. Notwithstanding, the Princess, the first few days after her arrival, made great efforts over herself: she arranged her little room to the best advantage; she placed there, on a shelf where you see those nails, some English, French, and Latin books which had been left her; she drew her little deal table near to the window, and wrote there several hours a-day; she requested that the head of her

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CAREY & CO.

"There they read together, in the Bible which had been their father's constant companion, and which he, too, had been accustomed to read in the very same place."

Page 267.

1. The first

2. The second

3. The third

4. The fourth

5. The fifth

6. The sixth

7. The seventh

8. The eighth

9. The ninth

10. The tenth

11. The eleventh

12. The twelfth

13. The thirteenth

14. The fourteenth

15. The fifteenth

16. The sixteenth

17. The seventeenth

18. The eighteenth

19. The nineteenth

20. The twentieth



bed might be turned towards the ramparts. Often, as she grew weaker, she would lie there all day long, with her eyes fixed upon the fatal window. She obtained permission from my ancestress to have access to the room where King Charles had been confined. This room does not exist at present: nothing is left of it but the remains of a wall—there on the right. The first day she entered it, there was a fresh burst of tears; she thought with bitter grief of all the sufferings and humiliations the King her father had endured within those gloomy walls. It has been said that mental sufferings kill quicker than bodily pains; that this is true the sad story of the Princess Elizabeth goes far to prove. She, however, tried to live, to live for the sake of watching over her little Henry, in obedience to the sacred promise she had made to her father.

“With the assistance of her brother, she transformed the late King’s chamber into an oratory. When spring came, they brought flowrets there as they would have done to a tomb; there they read together in the Bible which had been their father’s constant companion, and which he, too, had been accustomed to read in the very same place! It was a sight to melt the sternest heart, to behold how careful and tender she was of her beloved little Henry! how attentive to his slightest wants!

So long as strength remained in her, she made him every day repeat to her some Latin verses, told him all she could remember of the history of England—of that of France, and other distant countries. Whilst the young Duke was occupied in writing out the lessons he learnt from her lips, she worked at her needle, and endeavoured to keep their simple wardrobe in repair; but in a little time even this slight exertion became too much for her; her breath grew more and more oppressed, and large drops of cold perspiration would roll down her pallid features. Her kindly custodian entreated her in vain to put an end to this double toil: she used to reply to her well-meant persuasion, ‘I cannot have my poor brother in ignorance, and I must wait on him and work for him myself, since such is the decree of my father’s executioners.’ But what most tended to render the gnawing malady that was consuming her incurable, was that no voice from without her prison doors brought her a word of hope. She was ignorant of the fate of her mother and of the four children who had followed her. Where were they? if they were free, why did they not come to her deliverance? She knew that she was about to die; yet never did a murmur escape her lips. She was heard to speak of the forgiveness and the true greatness of the Christian with expressions

which she had learnt from the King, her father, and which filled with admiration all who listened to her.

“It was now the end of May, and all nature was decked in her gayest spring attire of leaves and flowers. The little prisoners walked twice a day on the ramparts and in the court-yard; but the ramparts was their favourite place, as much on account of the window which attracted them, as of the country which lay spread around them. It was at least a little liberty for the eye, if not for the body. They could see the stately ships gliding along on the surface of the ocean; they could watch the labourers at work in the neighbouring fields, and occasionally catch a glimpse of the rustics dancing under the ramparts, and emptying their tankards of foaming ale in the little village of Carisbrook.

“One fine day they caught sight of a wedding-party. All the village maids and swains who formed the bridal procession were singing and carrying bouquets in honour of the newly-married couple. When they perceived the children of the late King seated sorrowfully on the ramparts, they stopped their singing and threw them their bouquets in token of homage. Then the young Princess Elizabeth detached from her neck a little golden cross which she wore, and leaning towards the bride, threw it to her.

"Another time, towards evening, they heard some sailors, who, as they rowed their boat, were singing, from habit, the air of 'God save the king.' The tranquillity of the sea and of the country suffered the sonorous tones of the chant to float towards them. 'Listen,' exclaimed the young princess, 'there are some who still love our father!' And, happy for a moment, she threw her arms round her brother's neck and embraced him fondly.

"Summer came, with its bright blue skies, its flowers and fruits; nature smiled around; the cold and gloom of winter were forgotten. It would seem as if, when nature thus displays herself in her gala-dress, there should be no more sickness or sorrow; but it is far from being so. 'It is not the earth's sap which gives us or restores to us life,' the young Princess Elizabeth would say; 'our strength or our weakness comes from the soul.'

"It was all in vain that the perfume of the trees and flowers ascended to her prison windows, or that the birds sang and fluttered over her head. Her fragile form bent beneath the intolerable weight that lay at her heart. Her countenance remained pale and colourless as polished ivory, and spite of summer's revivifying heat, her blood flowed languidly through her veins. But for her

large black eyes—her mother's eyes—that lit up her colourless face, she might have been taken for one already dead.

“One morning the chanting of a psalm was heard as the brother and sister were taking their accustomed walk on the ramparts. The keeper's wife had followed them, for the young Princess was so feeble, that she dreaded at every step to see her fall.

“A funeral procession was winding along the flowery footpaths. It was a young girl who was being borne to the grave. Those who followed were bitterly bewailing the deceased, who was not fifteen. ‘Oh, do not weep!’ exclaimed the Princess Elizabeth; ‘to rest in the bosom of God is to be happy.’

“With the heat of August her malady seemed to increase; the oppression of her breath forced her to relinquish her beloved walk on the ramparts. In a little time longer it became even impossible for her to continue her walks in the court-yard. She never again quitted the little chamber in which we are, and when she spoke, the feebleness of her voice was touching in the extreme. Sleep might have refreshed and recruited her, but her incessant cough kept her awake, and every morning the keeper's wife, on visiting, found her paler and more wasted. She still endeavoured to

teach her brother to read her beloved books, and even to write of what she had thought and suffered in her life, but she could no longer do it without severe and painful effort. At length she was compelled to submit. So she resigned herself patiently, saying, 'We must wait!' Care was of no avail. If care could have cured her, the good keeper's wife would have saved her; but hers was a hopeless case. When the first leaves of autumn fell, she passed quietly away.

"On the morning of the 8th September, 1650, the keeper's wife entered this room at the usual hour, holding in her hand the cup of milk which the Princess was accustomed to drink on awakening. Instead of finding her, as was generally the case, sitting up in bed coughing, she saw her lying motionless and calm, her beautiful fair hair falling over her slender neck, her cheek resting on her Bible, which she must have been reading when she fell asleep for ever. She held in her closed hands a written paper. Not a breath escaped her lips—not a movement disturbed the placid calm of her graceful attitude. She was dead! She had died alone, during the night. How, was never known. The paper which she held in her hand had been written by her the previous evening. This is what it contained:—

"'What the King said to me on the 29th of

January, 1649, the last time I had ever the happiness to see him :—

“ ‘The king told me that he was glad that I had come, for although he had not time to say much to me, he desired to speak to me of what he could only confide to me alone. He had feared, he added, that the cruelty of his gaolers would deprive him of this last consolation. ‘But perhaps, my dear heart,’ he continued, ‘thou wilt forget what I am about to say to thee;’ and he then shed tears abundantly. I assured him that I would write down every word he uttered.

“ ‘My child,’ he resumed, ‘I would not have you grieve for me : my death is glorious : I die for the laws and religion.’ He then named to me the books that I was to read against the papacy. He assured me that he forgave his enemies as he hoped that God would forgive him. He entreated us to forgive them ourselves ; and he implored me several times to tell my mother that his thoughts had been never absent from her, and that his love would be the same to the end. He commanded us—my brother and myself—to love and to obey her. As we were weeping bitterly, he told us again that we must not grieve for him ; that he died the death of a martyr, assured that the throne would one day be restored to his son, and that we should then be all happier than if he had lived.

He afterwards took my brother, Gloucester, upon his knees, and said to him : ' My dear heart, they are going to cut off thy father's head ! ' The child looked at him stedfastly. ' Listen to me, ' continued the King ; ' they are going to cut off thy father's head, and, perhaps, they will afterwards want to make thee king. But never forget what I say to thee : thou shouldest not be king as long as thy brothers, Charles and James, are alive. That is why I command thee *not to suffer thyself to be made king.* '

" ' The child heaved a deep sigh, and replied that he would be cut to pieces first. These words, uttered by so young a child, deeply affected while they rejoiced the king. He then spoke to him of the care of his soul, and entreated him to be faithful to his religion, and to fear God. My brother promised earnestly to follow my father's counsels. '

" At this point, the recital of the last interview between the King and his children appeared interrupted—death had suddenly laid his icy hand on that of the young Princess. You are doubtless surprised that I should know by heart these sacred pages ; but a copy of them has been kept as a heir-loom in my family. I have read and repeated them so often that they are indelibly impressed on my memory.

"The poor young Princess was interred privately, and without pomp or ceremony, in Newport church; the keeper, his wife, and a few soldiers accompanied the remains to their last resting-place. The little Prince was habited in deep mourning; and it was a heart-breaking sight to behold him free for a single day to accompany his sister's funeral procession, which was followed also by the Governor of Carisbrook, less with an intention of doing honour to the deceased, than of assuring himself that his orders were executed. The mortal remains of the Princess Elizabeth were deposited in a leaden coffin, on which was placed the following inscription :—

"'Elizabeth, second daughter of the late King Charles; Died September the 8th, 1650.'

"The coffin was lowered into a vault in the church of St. Thomas, near the altar, the simple initials E. S. (Elizabeth Stuart) serving to indicate the spot; and for a long time this humble sepulchre was forgotten.

"The little Duke of Gloucester, her brother, who was also born in St. James's Palace, in 1640, returned in an almost dying state to his place of captivity in Carisbrook. Cromwell, fearing he too should die in prison, sent him to rejoin his mother and his exiled brothers and sisters in France. But he carried within him the seeds of a

premature death ; the pale shades of his father and sister haunted him perpetually ; nor was his sorrow lessened by the rejoicings on the restoration of his brother, Charles II., and in which he declined to take any share. He continued sad and taciturn till the day of his death, which took place at the age of one-and-twenty, at the palace of Whitehall, the place that had witnessed the execution of his beloved father.

“The day at length arrived when all the Isle of Wight assembled to render homage to the memory of the young and virtuous Princess Elizabeth. A few years ago, Prince Albert laid the first stone of a new church. It is there that the coffin of the Princess Elizabeth was carried ; there that her monument was raised.”



Sheep-washing and Shearing.

ONE of the most delightful things to see in the spring is sheep-washing. The lambing-season I have already spoken about. Nothing is more refreshing than when we are journeying along under a hot scorching sky, among dusty roads and sultry hollows, to descend suddenly through some turn of the way into a green nook where a little ocean presents itself clear and limpid and pure—the little hollow of some sparkling brook where the waters congregate for a while like children on a holiday, and then run off again with babbling voices. What can be more delightful than to exchange for a moment the stillness, undisturbed by any sound louder than the hum of a bee, or the chirrup of the grasshopper, for the fun and bustle and hearty laughter of a sheep-washing, mingled with bleatings, and the scamperings, and the strugglings of the troubled, but not forlorn-looking sheep, and the splash of the water as one by one they get their plunging in the stream?

Sheep-washing is, as you are I suppose aware, only a preparation for the sheep-shearing which is

to follow. In the earliest ages of the world there was probably no other mode of obtaining the wool of the sheep than that of tearing off the fleece at the time it actually became loose. This used to be the custom in our own country, and is so at the present time in some districts. In the Bible, however, we find that Laban went forth to shear his sheep; and this takes us back to the age of the patriarchs; and in the works of a poetic writer, almost as old as the patriarchs, I mean the Greek poet Hesiod, there are many allusions to the custom of the Greeks in shearing their sheep; while the Romans, at the same period, and for more than two hundred years afterwards, continued the barbarous method of tearing off the fleece from the sheep's back.

The festival of sheep-shearing is also almost as old as the custom itself. It is the shepherd's harvest, and accordingly the time for him to be grateful and joyful, and for those rustic amusements when all ranks may meet and freely mingle together in the song, the dance, and the rural sport, not forgetting the well-spread feast and the merriment thereunto belonging. I am sorry to say, and the more is the pity, that at the present time these good old customs are wearing away. Holidays so innocent and useful ought to be kept up among the people, and consecrated in their

hearts and memories. They ought not to be suffered to fall into disuse, for they give the poor man pleasure, and kindly feelings to smooth his life of toil.

The time of sheep-shearing varies, in different parts of the kingdom, and in different seasons, from May to July. The natural time is well shown by the sheep, which is ready for the shearer when the old wool has risen fastly from the skin, and the new wool is taking its place. The shearing properly commences with the washing, and this forms, as I have said, a very exciting and pleasant scene for girls and boys to look upon—for boys and girls like fun and frolic, and nothing better than a little mischief and disaster, if it does not go too far.

Now, then, here they come, a whole flock of sheep, some sadly draggled and torn about the legs—that is the woolly part of them. Well, the flock is brought to the washing-pool, for which a running stream is naturally preferred. All the young lambs are removed out of the way, so as not to disturb the ewes by their bleating, and then, one after the other, the sheep are plunged into the water, where they are soaked and pummelled and ducked and rubbed by men standing immersed breast high, till they are thoroughly scoured and purified, when they are allowed to

crawl out on the bank outside the pond with their fleeces so heavy with water as to weigh them down. After a moment or two of astonishment at the odd treatment they have received, they give themselves a hearty shake, and make little rainbows in the sunshine, and soon after begin cropping the herbage, and wagging their delighted tails as if nothing disagreeable had happened.

The washing over, a week or so elapses, and then comes the shearing-day. The clippers begin their work, sometimes in a barn, sometimes in the open air; and they are often attended by their children, their wives, and the young men by their sweethearts, and the maidens from the farmhouse who bring the ewes to the field, and sometimes help to hold them while they are clipped; and, upon occasion, torment their admirers by bringing them the most troublesome sheep. And now jokes and fun and raillery and laughter are heard on all sides; the mirth may be rude, but rustic gallantry gives it grace, and kindness and affection sheds over it all a beauty not to be described. Friends, relations, and neighbours now help each other, and thus not only relieve but sweeten the toil. Everything being arranged, the shearer seizes the sheep and sets it in an upright sitting position, keeping it up by resting the back against

his own legs. He first picks it over; that is, he removes all thorns, buds, and other matter that may happen to stick to the wool. While thus held he cuts away the wool from the head and shoulders and breast. The head of the animal is then bent down sideways, and the shearer places a leg on each side of the neck of the sheep, pushing out the opposite side by pressing his knees gently against the ribs that are nearest to him. He next shears the wool from the fore-side with his left hand from the breast to the middle of the back, and as far down as the loins. The sheep is now turned, and the right hand is employed to shear the wool from the rear-side. The sheep is then laid flat on its side, and kept down by the shearer resting his right knee on the ground or behind and below the poll; the head and neck of the sheep are thus confined by his right leg, while he uses his right hand to shear the wool from the hind-quarter. In this way the clips of the shears will run in rings, one within the other, round the body of the sheep; the dirty portions of the wool are then removed by the shears and kept by themselves. The outside of the fleece is folded inwards, beginning at the sides, and narrowing the whole fleece into a strip about two feet wide. This strip is then firmly rolled up from the tail and towards the neck, the wool of which is stretched out and

twisted into a rope, and wound round the fleece to give it a cylindrical shape, and thus the sheep is sheared.

A rural poet remarks, when the shearing is over—that is, when some ten or a dozen score of sheep—or perhaps several flocks—have been sheared—

The kind, hospitable mistress now
Hastens to prepare the well-provided feast :
The table set, and all the acquaintance come
To share the wholesome food and smiling ale.
The shearers put aside the fleecing blade,
And join in cheerful chat. The young and strong
In rural pastime spend the joyous hours—
Jump o'er the board, or toss the heavy bar—
Grapple each other—give a harmless fall,
And show their vigour and activity
In feats well pleasing to the rustic throng.

The evening comes and then the master's house
Is filled with guests. The neighbouring poor attend,
Right welcome to the board. The nut-brown ale
Goes briskly round till all have had enough ;
Then stops the pitcher—for the prudent host
Will have no drunkards to pollute the house.
The signal understood—the throng retires,
Praising the author of the friendly feast.

So much for sheep-washing and sheep-shearing ;
And in bringing it before my readers, I do so that
I may help to initiate them in those simple pleasures of our dear old country, which are, I am sorry to say, dying out. We may find a deal of de-

light in parties and balls, and in shows and exhibitions, theatres, and the like, but they have not that excellent effect upon the mind and heart that innocent country pleasures have, and there is none among these more to my liking than sheep-shearing; so I hope my friends will look out for one, and enter heart and soul into the sport, not minding a dip in the pond, or a dab with the tar-brush.



The Juvenile Ball,

WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE COME OFF, BUT DIDN'T.

Kick up your heels and turn out your toes,
Throw back your shoulders and hold up your nose.
Now retreat, now advance,
And twinkle your feet in the steps of the dance.

MARTIN.

WHAT Christmas holidays ever pass without a "ball!" and what a delight is a ball—not so much to the boys, however, as to the girls. The boys would rather be at "bang-hockey" on the ice, or at making snow castles, and playing "Meg's diversions" with snow-balls; but the girls—dear little girls—who cannot play at "bang-hockey," who dare not "get up a slide," who must not "build snow castles," who have no "prisoner's base," "cricket," "hunt the stag," or "curling," except "hair curling"—yes, for the girls there is, and the more is the pity, little left but the twinkling of feet—the poetry of motion—the gymnastics of capering in crowded rooms, among the faint odours of weak wine and water, oranges, ices, wafers, and unsubstantial confectionery.

Dr. Thwackem's establishment for "the sons of gentlemen" had just broken up for the Christmas vacation. The round of visits to sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and every relation or acquaintance likely to give a party was in full tide, when there arose faint indications and whisperings of a grand rout, ball, and supper likely to come off before long at the domicile of Mrs. Kattersnut, a rich widow, whose three boys went to school with Ph. Dr. Thwackem, and who had, besides, at the finishing establishment of Miss Judy O'Flanningham, an Irish finisher, exactly the same number of beautiful girls. The boys and girls collectively formed a kind of family "gradus," a scale of graduated steps, one below the other, commencing as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Master Adolphus Kattersnut, | 8 years old. |
| Miss Eglantina | " 9 |
| Master Gustavus | " 10 |
| Miss Hortensia | " 11 |
| Master Fredericus | " 12 |
| Miss Angelica | " 13 |
| Master Augustus | " 14 |

And to show off these to their best advantage, and also to show off the rarities of her domestic establishment, her connection, Honiton and point lace, rings and jewellery, silks, satins, pictures, and porcelain, together with her own glorious rotundity of person, good-looking face, flaxen

curls, blue eyes, and other *et ceteras*, Mrs. Kattersnut determined to have a rout.

Mrs. Kattersnut was the widow of a rich East Indian, who left England at the age of sixteen for the benefit of his father and mother, and having passed through the various phases of Indian life in the civil service, obtained yellow gold and yellow jaundice,—married an adventurous young lady,—had a fine family,—came home bilious and unhappy—tried to console himself by “pouring spirits down to keep his spirits up;” but, somehow or other, perished in one season; so that his best of all possible widows found herself one morning in possession of eighteen hundred a year, six children, a carriage, coachman, footman, and a variety of other essential conveniences in this miserable, melancholy, wicked and troublesome world.

Thus thrown upon her own resources, the good widow sent her children to the cheapest schools she could hear of, and was delighted to find that they progressed quite as well as those of her friends, who put theirs to the most expensive; and in showing them off at a ball, had not the slightest apprehension but that they would shine forth in all the native lustre and splendour of their original characters, and that their unsophisticated excellence would be apparent. Mrs. Kattersnut

was, moreover, a woman of "advanced ideas," and could not see why women were not as good as men. She had written a little book to prove that they ought to have their "civil rights," and that there was no reason to doubt but they would make good mathematicians, legislators, prime-ministers, or commanders-in-chief, were they only to be suffered to make the trial. She also looked upon the feminine mode of dress to be incompatible with the free and enlightened spirit of the age. The apparel of the male sex was, in her eyes, preposterous, especially the hats, and that of the female sex most odious, especially the bonnets. She had made up her mind to reform society in this respect, and had, after a great deal of anxious thought and extreme philosophising, determined to make her experiments in the grand rout which she proposed to give, to prove to the whole world of fashion who might happen to be there, the ascendancy of her own ideas.

Cards were therefore issued for a juvenile party on the first day of January. Quadrilles to commence at eight o'clock. The great drawing-room was dismantled, the carpets taken up, and the piano pushed into a corner, while rows of seats covered with red cloth were arranged in various geometrical figures around the apartments. The floor was elegantly chalked with the representation of

the Kattersnut arms: three Bengal tigers on a field azure, with the crest, a griffin or, with a bag of gold in its mouth; and all being duly prepared, the auspicious night, as Miss Susan called it, at length arrived.

The hired musicians were in the prelude scrape, winding up catgut, and rubbing rosin on the same, with perplexed ear and looks at the discordant noise that evaporated from the united action of the cat and bow. Young Kattersnut was bobbing in and out to see how things were going on, and the girls were making their toilettes in the nursery, by the aid of the lady's-maid and house-maid, in their new ball-dresses, which were to astonish everybody in the universe. The boys were also being put under tailortorical arrangement in one of the dressing-rooms; and while the fiddlers were priming their fiddles, the youthful family were up to their eyes in pomatum and scent, while pocket-handkerchiefs, kid gloves, ribbons, embroidery, and all the taste that the lady's-maid, tailor, house-maid, and tailor's assistant could provoke, were lavished upon them.

The hour of eight had passed, but no arrivals took place till full half an hour after. At last Master Joe Morley and his two sisters were set down from their carriage. They were soon followed by Thomas Dashwood with one cousin and one sister,

then by Horrip and his three sisters. Then came Dolep and his two. Then Hargraves and his cousin Jane, and some half a score more lads, little boys, little girls, biggish girls, hoidens, primas, elegants, coquettes, and baby-looking creatures, with curls, and plaits, and long tails hanging down behind, be-tied and be-bowed with various kinds of ribbons, with long blue sashes fluttering behind, enormous muslin dresses sticking out like balloons, great sack sleeves to show the arms up to the shoulders, the whole reeking with perfumery and the smell of hair-oil of every variety of odour. But still the little dears looked very pretty—some of them almost like angels, except that they had no wings. Their eyes were so bright, their cheeks were so rosy, their ankles so trim, and their whole demeanour so staid and lady-like, that it was, after all, a pleasure to look at them.

As to the boys, they were quite out of place; every one of them looked more or less awkward. Some of them had out-grown their jackets or lower things, and their à-la-Byron collars and Albert ties looked very much as if they had been stuck on with paste. Their hair, too, although really very nicely curled, did not look like boys' natural hair, but looked more like that of the dummy-heads in the hair-dressers' windows, while the way they wore their gloves, and the frightened

and sheepish looks they put on when entering the room, seemed to prove Mrs. Kattersnut's creed, that woman only wants to be placed in her proper sphere to "cut the men out dead," and therefore the ease and "all-at-homeness" of the one, contrasted with the bashfulness of the other, afforded her the most infinite satisfaction.

And now the music struck up heart-inspiring strains, the young ladies' eyes grew brighter, the boys looked more ridiculous than ever, and the lights, owing to the increased warmth of the room, burnt more brilliantly. The master of the ceremonies grew very busy in pairing the happy couples, and making every arrangement for the first set, and just when everybody was on the tip-top of excitement and all hearts were throbbing with the forthcoming elysium, one drop more in the transcendent cup of fashionable bliss presented itself,—or rather, six drops more,—for in bounced the whole tribe of the Kattersnuts; Adolphus, Eglantina, Gustavus, Hortensia, Fredericus, Angelica, and Augustus

IN THE BLOOMER COSTUME,

made in the most elegant manner. The ladies in double-tucked surtouts, with frills and open sleeves; Turkish trousers tied at the heels like German

sausages, which they very much resembled ; while the young gentlemen, who looked very much like the young ladies, wore the "bloomers" in the most approved mode, and looked like regular Daphnes, wanting only a crook and a few sheep to give them the appearance of "gentle shepherds."

The whole assemblage were struck with astonishment—some with admiration, some with disgust. The music stopped ; the master of the ceremonies paused in his interesting work of coupling ; the boys, after a stupid stare of surprise, flourished their arms in the air and began to hurray. Joe Morley ran up to the master of the ceremonies and begged for a bloomer. "Give me a bloomer!" said all the other boys ; and the poor master of the dance was so astounded that he knew not what to do. The other young ladies, seeing themselves in a fair way of neglect, owing to the blooming Misses Kattersnut, ran wildly about the apartment, not knowing how to take the matter. At last, one of the most forward of the young ladies—Miss Towler—who was a little prudish, ventured to remark to Miss Spodgings that she considered the bloomer costume quite shocking. To which Miss Spodgings assented, and communicated her opinions to Miss Collisweet, who thereupon consulted her maiden

aunt. She, never being designed for bloomerism, turned up the yolks of her eyes, and, with a shrug of her shoulders, replied, "Most disgraceful, dear! it is a violation of the sacred rights of hospitality!" while the tip of her nose flew up into the air with an ineffable jerk of disdain.

"We are grossly insulted!" said Miss Oxborrow, coming up to the consulting group.

"No lady can endure such conduct!" said Miss Flammer. "I am sure——"

What she would further have added to the sentence was taken out of her mouth by the sudden appearance of the prodigiously plump Mrs. Kattersnut, dressed in the very extreme of bloomerism, who bounced into the room like a whirlwind. A loud burst of laughter issued from all sides, mingled with some decided marks of disapprobation from the disaffected portion of the female part of the community. The lady, however, soon replied to this untoward reception, by addressing the company in a brilliant speech on the advantages of her costume.

"I feel," said she, "new-born vigour; I experience female freedom. I can move my arms and other limbs like a free woman. Now could I leap over a stile—go up a ladder with a hod of mortar on my shoulder—run up the rattlings and take a reef in the maintop—row a boat, nay, stand

on my head, if necessary, without the slightest in convenience!"

"Infamous! odious!" said the maiden aunt.

"Sacrilegious!" cried a scraggy governess, who was set at the piano to play the quadrille.

"No young lady can lend herself to such an exhibition!" said Miss Prim.

"Oh, go it!" said Joe Morley; "it's good fun. Let's have a bloomer dance."

"I think we had better retire!" remarked the aunt to her two nieces.

"We shall not stop to observe such sinful conduct!" said the Misses Hickenbotham.

"Nor we," remarked the Misses Spodgings.

"Let us retire at once!" replied several voices. And a whole cluster of ladies swarmed round each other, and pressed towards the door.

"We will all retire," said the scraggy governess. "Our feelings have been outraged; our female propriety insulted; our native costume—dear to us through many generations—has been degraded. We cannot think of giving our countenance to such atrocities!"

"Such dreadful atrocities!" whimpered several more of the young ladies.

"I shall faint—this dreadful excitement is too much for me!" exclaimed the maiden aunt. "Oh, it is dreadful—shocking—truly awful!"

"Truly awful!" moaned several of the young ladies.

"Oh, mamma!" faintly ejaculated Miss Eglantina Kattersnut; "I am so alarmed!" and she clung round her mother's waist.

"Dear mamma!" said Miss Hortensia; and clung to her mother on the other side.

"I cannot endure this ill-behaviour," added Miss Angelica; and clung to her mamma behind.

"Don't make fools of yourselves!" cried out Master Gustavus Kattersnut; "let them go if they like. They may all go."

"And we will go," said several of the young ladies in a breath.

"We are going," said the governess.

"We will leave the house directly," said another small cluster. "We have never been so insulted in our lives—never. And all our nice new dresses to be cut out in this manner." And here several of the young ladies began to weep and sob; and—oh! oh! oh!

"A glass of cold water! Miss Oxborrow has fainted!"

"What a dreadful scene is this! What a hiatus of a place!" said the governess. "What a—don't faint—don't swoon, Maria! here, take my smelling-bottle."

While all this was going on Mrs. Kattersnut stood in the centre of the room, forming, with her daughters, a most interesting group. The latter had sunk down into an attitude of exhausted repose; but the old lady stood firm and erect; and, brandishing her arms with the air of a Boadicea, called out—

“Go—go—go! parasites of fashion! Go, infatuated individuals—insensible as you are to moral and intellectual improvement. Go, with your nine breadths in your petticoats; go, with your squeezing corsets; go, and become the victims of consumption, of suffocation, of cold feet and red noses. Go, stuck-up automatons, back to your old ways! Let not a bloomer cast her pearls before swine. Go! go! go!” And, so saying, she was going to make a curtsy; but, by mistake of the bloomer costume, made a profound masculine bow.

“Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!” Such a fit of universal laughter was never heard.

What would have been the end of all this it is difficult to say; but, just as the excitement was at its pitch, and everybody seemed to be in such a fix as not to know exactly what to do, Master Joe Morley, accompanied by Master Adolphus Kattersnut, stole quietly below into the kitchen, and, getting hold of the key of the gas-main, gave

it a turn; and the whole ball-room, which was lighted with that useful article, suddenly became—dark!

Screamings—faintings—hustlings—rustlings—cries—sobs—vociferations—tumblings down—gettings up—chairs and rout-seats all in glorious confusion. The principal staircase was crammed with the retiring party; but all were lost in darkness. To tell the stratagems, perplexities, and horrors of the next ten minutes would fill a volume; but we may safely say that Mrs. Kattersnut's grand juvenile ball—

DID NOT COME OFF.



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